

The book cover features a central teal rectangular panel framed by a gold border. On either side of the panel are stylized trees with gold outlines and dense, textured foliage. The teal background is speckled with small white dots, suggesting stars. A white crescent moon is positioned on the right side of the panel. Below the teal section is a white silhouette of a city skyline with various domes and minarets. The entire design is enclosed within a decorative gold border.

HEAVEN'S DISTANT LAMPS


ANNA E. MACK

Margaret A. Welch

October 1900-

To Frances C. Eldredge
With love and sympathy

March, 1901.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2024



Heaven's Distant Lamps



HEAVEN'S DISTANT LAMPS

Poems of Comfort and Hope

Arranged by

ANNA E. MACK

Editor of "Because I Love You"

*"What seem to us but sad funeral tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps."*

*"Go breathe it in the ear
Of all who doubt and fear,
And say to them 'Be of good cheer!'"*

BOSTON
LEE AND SHEPARD
MCM

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY LEE AND SHEPARD.

All rights reserved.

HEAVEN'S DISTANT LAMPS.

Norwood Press

J. S. Cushing & Co. — Berwick & Smith
Norwood, Mass., U.S.A.



To all the sad and weary



“We most humbly beseech Thee, of Thy goodness, O Lord, to comfort and succor all those who, in this transitory life, are in trouble, sorrow, need, sickness, or any other adversity.”

Acknowledgments

THE editor acknowledges most gratefully the kind permission given by many authors and publishers to use copyrighted poems which appear in this collection.

By special arrangement with, and permission of, *Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*, poems by the following authors, whose works they publish, are used: Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Gertrude Bloede, Alice and Phœbe Cary, Mary Clemmer, James Freeman Clarke, Julia Ward Howe, Oliver Wendell Holmes, William Dean Howells, Lucy Larcom, James Russell Lowell, Samuel Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Celia Thaxter, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, Elizabeth Whittier, John Greenleaf Whittier.

Credit is due:—

The Bowen Merrill Co. for the use of James Whitcomb Riley's poems, "Kissing the Rod," "Away," "Mabel," "Bereaved," and "Das Krist Kindel."

Little, Brown & Co. for "Dost Thou not Care" and "In Patience," by Christina G. Rossetti; "In June," by

John White Chadwick; "We lay us down to sleep" and "A Prayer in Sorrow," by Louise Chandler Moulton; "Close at Hand," by Susan Coolidge; and "Not as I Will" and "Spinning" by Helen Hunt Jackson.

Charles Scribner's Sons for "The Two Mysteries," from "Along the Way," by Mary Mapes Dodge; "The Love of God," by Saxe Holm; and last stanza of "Threnody" and lines from "Bitter-Sweet," by Josiah Gilbert Holland.

The Century Company for selection from "Credo," by Richard Watson Gilder, and for two poems that have appeared in the "Century Magazine," "Hymn for Thanksgiving," by Miss S. E. Adams, and "April" by William Prescott Foster.

E. P. Dutton & Co. for "There shall be no Night there," by W. M. L. Jay.

Mrs. May Riley Smith and her publishers, *E. P. Dutton & Co.*, for her poems, "Sometime," "A Thanksgiving Prayer," and lines from "A Pompeian Preacher."

Harper & Brothers and *Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster* for her poem, "A Song in Summer."

D. Appleton & Co. for "Blessed are they that Mourn," and lines from "Thanatopsis," by William Cullen Bryant.

Frederick A. Stokes Co. for two poems by George Klinge.

T. Y. Crowell & Co. for "Inevitable," by Sara K. Bolton.

James Pott & Co. for selection from "Ugo Bassis's Sermon in a Hospital."

Scott, Foresman & Co., publishers of Benjamin F. Taylor's poems, for lines from "The Bark of True Love."

J. P. Lippincott Co. for lines from Thomas Buchanan Read's "Brushwood."

"*The Constitution*," Atlanta, Ga., for "Fallen Asleep" and "A Little Hand," by Frank L. Stanton.

"*The Living Church*" for "Waiting," by L. D. S.

Charles Henry Crandall for "Waiting," from his volume of "Wayside Music."

Mrs. Clark for "Toward Emmaus," by Simeon Tucker Clark.

Miss Cora West for the poem "Waiting," by Eli Gurney Coe.

Thanks are also due the following authors: Lyman Whitney Allen, Richard Rogers Bowker, Rev. George W. Crofts, A. A. Fields, Edward Everett Hale, William Hamilton Hayne, Harriet McEwen Kimball, and Freeman E. Miller.

A. E. M.

APRIL 2, 1900.

List of Authors

	PAGE
ADAMS, S. E.	
Wait upon the Lord	76
Hymn for Thanksgiving	244
ADOLPHUS, GUSTAVUS	
Battle Hymn	104
ALDRICH, THOMAS BAILEY	
From "Judith"	190
ALEXANDER, MRS. C. F.	
Jesus calls us	274
ALFORD, HENRY	
Life's Answer	152
ALLEN, LYMAN WHITNEY	
Submission	214
The Coming of His Feet	310
ARNOLD, MATTHEW	
We cannot Kindle when we Will	265
From "Thyrsis"	288
ARNOLD, EDWIN	
He who died at Azan	319
BAKER, H. W.	
The Lord is my Shepherd	207
Be near when I am dying	315
BARBAULD, ANNA LÆTITIA	
Life! I know not What Thou Art	307

	PAGE
BARRY, HENRY H.	
He leadeth Me	162
BARTON, BERNARD	
Cast thy Bread upon the Waters	267
BAXTER, RICHARD	
Lord, it Belongs not to my Care	308
BERNARD, S. OF CLUNY	
Jerusalem the Golden	326
BLOEDE, GERTRUDE	
My Father's Child	148
BOLTON, SARA K.	
The Inevitable	124
BONAR, HORATIUS	
Thy Way, not Mine	160
Hold Thou Me	202
The Master's Touch	214
Perseverance	266
BOURDILLON, FRANCIS W.	
Light	27
BOWKER, RICHARD ROGERS	
Thomas à Kempis: De Imitatione Christi	282
BRAINARD, MISS M. G.	
Not Knowing	140
BROWNING, ELIZABETH BARRETT	
And I, I had come back to an empty nest	12
The dear Christ comfort you	24
Consolation	44
Substitution	46
Comfort	55
De Profundis	60
Cheerfulness	118
But then the thrushes sang	124
Futurity	319

BROWNING, ROBERT	PAGE
Love, we are in God's hand	58
God's in His Heaven	172
From "Saul"	178
The Potter's Wheel	211
Prospice	291
I go to prove my soul	301
From "Abt Vogler"	323
BROWNING, F. G.	
I do not see	184
BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN	
Blessed are they that Mourn	46
From "Thanatopsis"	293
BUTLER, MARY A.	
My Vesper Song	81
BUTTS, MARY FRANCES	
Trust	162
Is it Raining?	238
CARY, ALICE	
My Darlings	51
Apart from the woes that are dead and gone	125
Dying Hymn	304
CARY, PHEBE	
From "Compensation"	223
A Woman's Conclusions	246
Nearer Home	300
CHADWICK, JOHN WHITE	
In June	131
CHARLES, ELIZABETH	
'Tis I, be not Afraid	157
The Unfailing Cruise	259
CHELLIS, MARY DWINELL	
Out of Shadow	159

CHESTER, ANSON G.	PAGE
The Tapestry Weavers	200
CLARKE, JAMES FREEMAN (<i>translations</i>)	
Grass and Roses	71
Here am I	84
CLARK, SIMEON TUCKER	
Toward Emmaus	177
CLEMMER, MARY	
Mother Love	15
Something Beyond	322
CLOUGH, ARTHUR HUGH	
With Whom is no Variableness	130
Say not the Struggle Naught Availeth	217
COBBE, FRANCES POWER	
Rich in the Lord	232
COE, ELI GURNEY	
Waiting	67
COOLIDGE, SUSAN	
Close at Hand	203
COWPER, WILLIAM	
Providence	150
The Path of Sorrow	237
CRAIK, DINAH MARIA MULOCK	
Buried To-day	22
Resigning	50
That Light	286
CRANDALL, CHARLES H.	
Waiting	326
CROFTS, GEORGE W.	
To the Discouraged	122
DEMAREST, MARY LEE	
My Ain Countrie	289

DE VERE, AUBREY THOMAS	PAGE
Human Life	73
Sorrow	231
DODGE, MARY MAPES	
The Two Mysteries	305
ELIOT, GEORGE	
The Choir Invisible	269
EVANS, DR. HEBER	
Light shall be at Eventide	204
FABER, FREDERICK WILLIAM	
The Memory of the Dead	32
The Right must Win	127
Souls of Men, why will ye Scatter	182
The Will of God	197
The Pilgrims of the Night	301
FIELDS, A. A.	
Still in Thy Love I Trust	43
FOSTER, WILLIAM PRESCOTT	
April	116
FURNESS, WILLIAM H.	
Eternal Light	281
GERHARDT, PAUL	
Joy after Sorrow	116
Give to the Winds thy Fears	187
GILDER, RICHARD WATSON	
From "Credo"	276
GOETHE, JOHANN WOLFGANG	
Sleep	298
GOLDSMITH, OLIVER	
A good man suffers but to gain	224
GUTHRIE, THOMAS	
Kneeling at the Threshold	312
HAHN, C. C.	
Mater Dolorosa	226

	PAGE
HALE, EDWARD EVERETT	
Omnipresence	126
HAMILTON, ANNA E.	
Sympathy	278
HAVERGAL, FRANCES RIDLEY	
"Be Quiet: Fear Not"	181
The Secret of a Happy Day	192
Daily Strength	205
Chosen Lessons	220
Consecration Hymn	279
HAYNE, WILLIAM HAMILTON	
At my Father's Grave	45
HEBER, REGINALD	
O God, that madest Earth and Sky	91
HERBERT, GEORGE	
The Elixir	266
HINDS, SAMUEL	
Love Keeping Watch	152
HOFEL, JOHANN	
Weep Not	41
HOLLAND, JOSIAH GILBERT	
From "Bitter-Sweet"	223
If life awake and will never cease	291
HOLM, SAXE	
The Love of God	198
HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL	
Hymn of Trust	168
Father of All! in Death's Relentless Claim	225
HOWARTH, ELLEN CLEMANTINE	
The Way of the Cross	218
HOWE, JULIA WARD	
Battle Hymn of the Republic	180
Eucharist of Affliction	225

HOWELLS, WILLIAM DEAN	PAGE
Thanksgiving	253
HOWLAND, MARY WOOLSEY	
In the Hospital	295
HUGO, VICTOR MARIE	
The Poet's Simple Faith	299
INGELOW, JEAN	
Longing for Home	9
Gone	33
From "Brothers and a Sermon"	48
Regret	74
Art Tired?	168
Sorrows humanize our Race	238
JACKSON, HELEN HUNT	
Not as I Will	138
Spinning	185
JAY, W. M. L.	
There shall be no Night There	325
JOHNSON, SAMUEL	
For Divine Strength	87
KEBLE, JOHN	
There are in this Loud Stunning Tide	121
The Watch by Night	277
KIMBALL, HARRIET MCEWEN	
In Paradise	37
After the Storm	42
The Flight of the Birds	167
KING, HARRIET ELEANOR HAMILTON	
From "Ugo Bassis's Sermon in a Hospital"	72
KIPLING, RUDYARD	
Recessional	106
KLINGLE, GEORGE	
Make Thy Way Mine	92
To-morrow's News	147

	PAGE
KÖRNER, KARL THEODOR	
Körner's Battle Hymn	105
LARCOM, LUCY	
The battle of our life is won	74
LOCKE, UNA	
Humility	93
LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH	
Resignation	25
From "The Two Angels"	37
From "Judas Maccabæus"	44
Ah! when the infinite burden of life	80
O star of strength	110
From "The Birds of Killingworth"	115
The Rainy Day	129
Ah, me! how dark the discipline of pain	215
Poor sad Humanity	275
From "The New England Tragedies"	278
LONGFELLOW, SAMUEL	
Hymn of Winter	100
Looking unto God	183
Glen Ellis Falls	260
LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL	
From "The Present Crisis"	138
'Tis Sorrow builds the Shining Ladder up	229
LYTE, HENRY FRANCIS	
Abide with Me	311
MACDONALD, GEORGE	
O Thou of Little Faith	42
Endurance	54
God Watcheth	144
What Man is there of You?	233
Weep if thou wilt	256
A Sonnet Sequence	264

MASSEY, GERALD	PAGE
His Banner over Me	199
MILLER, FREEMAN E.	
The Angelus	191
MILTON, JOHN	
On his Blindness	72
These eyes, though clear	121
MONOD, THEODORE	
None of Self and All of Thee	280
MOORE, THOMAS	
Come, ye Disconsolate	54
There's Nothing Bright, Above, Below	146
MORE, ELLA MAUD	
Rock of Ages	88
MOULTON, LOUISE CHANDLER	
A Prayer in Sorrow	83
We lay us Down to Sleep	286
NEALE, JOHN MASON	
Art Thou Weary	77
Well I know thy trouble	226
NEWMAN, JOHN HENRY	
Lead, Kindly Light	169
NOEL, C. M.	
Why will ye call it Death's Dark Night	293
PARKER, JOHN	
His Care	206
PATMORE, COVENTRY	
The Toys	156
PENNEFATHER, MRS. C.	
Not Now	261
PHILLIPS, SUSAN K.	
Between the Lines	5
PIERPONT, JOHN	
My Child	12

	PAGE
PIKE, ALBERT	
Growing Old	119
PRESTON, MARGARET JUNKIN	
The Little Watcher	20
PROCTER, ADELAIDE ANNE	
The Pilgrims	59
Per Pacem ad Lucem	154
The Doubting Heart	164
Cleansing Fires	219
If thou couldst Know	230
Now	257
READ, THOMAS BUCHANAN	
From "Brushwood"	143
RICHARDS, WILLIAM C.	
Under the Cross	68
RILEY, JAMES WHITCOMB	
Mabel	8
Bereaved	16
Away	30
Kissing the Rod	112
From "Das Krist Kindel"	252
ROBINSON, R. H.	
Light at Evening-time	314
ROBINSON, WADE	
The Singer	113
ROSSETTI, CHRISTINA GEORGINA	
Dost Thou not Care?	96
In Patience	151
S., L. D.	
Waiting	118
SANGSTER, MARGARET E.	
A Song of Summer	132
SAXBY, J. E.	
Oh, ask not Thou	149

SCHILLER, FREDERICK	PAGE
Three Words of Strength	III
SCOTT, J. L.	
When We go Home	36
SCUDDER, ELIZA	
The Love of God	174
SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM	
Grief fills the room up of my absent child . . .	19
Resignation	32
Sweet are the uses of adversity	210
SILL, EDWARD ROWLAND	
The Fool's Prayer	101
SMITH, MAY RILEY	
From "A Pompeian Preacher"	70
Sometime	221
A Thanksgiving Prayer	243
SMITH, ALEXANDER	
Duty and Fame	263
STANTON, FRANK L.	
Fallen Asleep	18
A Little Hand	250
STEDMAN, EDMUND CLARENCE	
From "The Ordeal by Fire"	228
TAYLOR, BENJAMIN F.	
From "The Bark of True Love"	35
TENNYSON, ALFRED, LORD	
Alas	2
Break, Break, Break	3
One Writes that Other Friends Remain	20
With Trembling Fingers did we Weave	34
Strong Son of God, Immortal Love	94
Pray for My Soul	97
O yet we trust that Somehow Good	137

	PAGE
That which we Dare Invoke to Bless	176
The Higher Pantheism	195
Crossing the Bar	285
My own dim life should teach me this	325
THAXTER, CELIA	
Courage	114
My Lighthouse	126
The Sunrise never failed us Yet	159
Sorrow	235
TIMROD, HENRY	
A Common Thought	298
TOWNSEND, MARY ASHLEY	
The Christening	213
TOWNSEND, M. E.	
So Tired	16
Far from Home and Country	90
TRENCH, RICHARD CHENEVIX	
The Kingdom of God	173
Suffering	224
UNKNOWN	
Not Changed but Glorified	28
The Saddest Fate	40
Heart Deaths	53
Peace! Be Still	75
The Shadows Lengthen	103
Out in the Fields	123
Shall I Look Back	130
Scotch Hymn	132
Art thou afraid His power shall fail?	136
I shall be Satisfied	142
The Corn and the Lilies	145
Trust	155
Leave God to order all thy ways	161

	PAGE
God Cares	165
God is Love	175
The Message of the New Year	188
The Heavenly Guide	190
In the Crucible	216
An easy thing, O Power Divine	242
Between the Lights	249
To-day	258
Our Dim Eyes seek a Beacon	275
The Last Roll-call	296
Homeward	306
Coming	309
My risen Lord I feel Thy Strong Protection	328
VAUGHAN, HENRY	
Friends in Paradise	4
WARING, ANNA LÆTITIA	
My Times are in Thy Hands	98
Source of my Life	234
WILBERFORCE, SAMUEL	
Just for To-day	85
WILSON, JOHN	
Work on Earth	268
WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF	
The Angels of Grief	39
From "Snow Bound"	53
The Light that is Felt	101
Trust	144
The best of earth shall still remain	215
From "The Prisoners of Naples"	262
The Eternal Goodness	294
Scarcely Hope hath shaped for me	299
A voice grows with the growing years	318

WHITTIER, ELIZABETH	PAGE
Charity	271
WHITNEY, MRS. A. D. T.	
February	125
I will abide in Thine House	189
WOLCOTT, JULIA ANNA	
Oh, surely who will guide	284
WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM	
I cannot Doubt that they whom ye Deplore	52
Duty	270

I

Alas !

*In grief I am not all unlearn'd ;
Once thro' mine own doors Death did pass ;
One went, who never hath return'd.*

— ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

Poems of Comfort and Hope

Break, Break, Break

BREAK, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill!
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

—ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

Friends in Paradise

THEY are all gone into the world of light !
And I alone sit lingering here ;
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear :—

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest,
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days ;
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy Hope ! and high Humility,
High as the heavens above !
These are your walks, and you have show'd them
me,
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous Death ! the jewel of the just,
Shining nowhere, but in the dark ;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark !

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may
know,

At first sight, if the bird be flown;
But what fair dell or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as Angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul, when man doth sleep;
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted
themes,
And into glory peep.

— HENRY VAUGHAN.

Between the Lines

SING the song of the singer, merrily ring the
rhymes,
Light is the lay they tell us, light as its echoed
chimes;
Sing the song of the singer, mocking at doubt and
fear,
Catch the joy of its melody, let its daring beauty
cheer;
Well that the mellow music may bear no hidden
signs
Of the broken heart of the poet, written between
the lines.

Watch the part of the player, bravely and deftly
done,
See the difficult height attained, the loud applause
won ;
Weep with his passionate sorrow, thrill to his
passionate bliss,
Blending your joyous laughter with that happy
laugh of his ;
Well that his marvellous acting dazzles, wins,
refines !
Who thinks of the desperate effort written between
the lines ?

See the work of the painter, in coloring rare and
rich,
Give it its well-won homage, choose it the choic-
est niche ;
Hang it where it may render, as an artist best
can do,
Companionship in its beauty, delicate, pure, and
true ;
Well that its softened loveliness, softness and
thought combines,
None read the bitter, baffling strife, written
between the lines.

Watch the path of the prosperous, sunny and
smooth, and bright,
Health and wealth to give it, its full of sweetness
and light ;
See how the easy future is planned for the careless
feet,
Given each slight desire, flattered each vague
conceit.
Well that the outward surface gladness and peace
enshrines,
Who knows the tale of the skeleton, written
between the lines ?

If the singer dies in solitude, his songs sigh on as
sweetly ;
If the statesman has a hearth disgraced, does he
face the world less meetly ?
So the artist's touch is fine and sure, who heeds
the hand that guides it ?
Does the player feel a fading life ? his winning
masking hides it.
Cypress and rose and laurel, Fate's reckless hand
entwines ;
Life reads the printed story, Death writes between
the lines.

— SUSAN K. PHILLIPS.

Mabel

SWEET little face, so full of slumber now —
Sweet lips unlifted now with any kiss —
Sweet dimpled cheek and chin, and snowy brow —
What quietude is this ?

O speak ! Have you forgotten, yesterday,
How gladly you came running to the gate
To meet us in the old familiar way,
So joyous, — so elate, —

So filled with wildest glee, yet so serene,
With innocence of song and childish chat,
With all the dear caresses in between —
Have you forgotten that ?

Have you forgotten, knowing gentler charms,
The boistrous love of one you ran to greet
When you last met, who caught you in his arms
And kissed you, in the street ?

Not very many days have passed since then,
And yet between that kiss and him there lies
No pathway of return — unless again,
In streets of Paradise,

Your eager feet come twinkling down the gold
Of some bright thoroughfare ethereal,
To meet and greet him there, just as of old. —
Till then, farewell — farewell.

— JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Longing for Home

I

A SONG of a boat : —

There was once a boat on a billow ;
Lightly she rocked to her port remote,
And the foam was white in her wake like snow,
And her frail mast bowed when the breeze would
blow,
And bent like a wand of willow.

II

I shaded mine eyes one day when a boat
Went curtseying over the billow,
I marked her course till a dancing mote
She faded out on the moonlit foam,
And I stayed behind in the dear loved home ;
And my thoughts all day were about the boat,
And my dreams upon the pillow.

III

I pray you hear my song of a boat,
 For it is but short : —
 My boat you shall find none fairer afloat,
 In river or port.
 Long I looked out for the lad she bore,
 On the open desolate sea.
 And I think he sailed to the heavenly shore,
 For he came not back to me —
 Ah me !

IV

A song of a nest : —
 There was once a nest in a hollow :
 Down in the mosses and knot-grass pressed,
 Soft and warm and full to the brim —
 Vetches leaned over it purple and dim,
 With buttercup buds to follow.

V

I pray you hear my song of a nest,
 For it is not long : —
 You shall never light, in a summer quest,
 The bushes among —

Shall never light on a prouder sitter,
A fairer nestful, nor ever know
A softer sound than their tender twitter,
That wind-like did come and go.

VI

I had a nestful once of my own,
Ah, happy, happy I.
Right dearly I loved them, but when they
were grown
They spread out their wings to fly —
O, one after one they flew away
Far up to the heavenly blue,
To the better country, the upper day,
And — I wish I was going too.

VII

I pray you what is the nest to me,
My empty nest?
And what is the shore where I stood to see
My boat sail down to the west?
Can I call that home where I anchor yet
Though my good man has sailed?
Can I call that home where my nest was set,
Now all its hope hath failed?

Nay, but the port where my sailor went,
And the land where my nestlings be ;
There is the home where my thoughts are sent,
The only home for me —

Ah me ! — JEAN INGELow.

AND I, I had come back to an empty nest,
Which every bird's too wise for. How I heard
My father's step on that deserted ground
His voice along that silence !

— ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

My Child

I CANNOT make him dead !
His fair sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study chair ;
Yet when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes, — he is not there !
I walk my parlor floor,
And through the open door,
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair ;
I'm stepping toward the hall
To give the boy a call ;
And then bethink me that — he is not there !

I thread the crowded street ;
A satchelled lad I meet,
With the same beaming eyes and colored hair,
And as he's running by,
Follow him with my eye
Scarcely believing that — he is not there !

I know his face is hid
Under the coffin-lid,
Closed are his eyes, cold is his forehead fair ;
My hand that marble felt ;
O'er it in prayer I knelt ;
Yet my heart whispers that — he is not there !

I cannot make him dead !
When passing by the bed,
So long watched over with paternal care,
My spirit and my eye
Seek him inquiringly
Before the thought comes, that — he is not there !

When at the cool gray break
Of day, from sleep I wake,
With my first breathing of the morning air
My soul goes up with joy,
To Him who gave my boy ;
Then comes the sad thought that — he is not there !

When at the day's calm close,
Before we seek repose,
I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer;
Whate'er I may be saying,
I am in spirit praying
For our boy's spirit, though — he is not there !

Not there! — where then is he?
The form I used to see
Was but the raiment that he used to wear;
The grave that now doth press
Upon that cast-off dress
Is but his wardrobe locked : — he is not there !

He lives ! In all the past
He lives : nor to the last,
Of seeing him again will I despair;
In dreams I see him now;
And on his angel brow,
I see it written, "Thou shalt see me there !"

Yes, we all live to God !
Father, Thy chastening rod
So help us, Thine afflicted ones, to bear,
That, in the spirit land,

Meeting at Thy right hand,
'Twill be our heaven to find that — he is there !

— JOHN PIERPONT.

Mother Love

I WILL shut these broken toys away
Under the lid where they mutely bide ;
I will smile in the face of noisy day,
Just as if baby had never died.

I will take up my work once more,
As if I had never laid it down ;
Who will dream that I ever wore
Motherhood's regal, holy crown ?

Man's way is hard and sore beset ;
Many may fall but few can win.
Thanks, dear Shepherd ! my lamb is safe, —
Safe from sorrow, and safe from sin.

Nevertheless, the way is long,
And tears leap in the light of the sun ;
I'd give my world for a cradle-song,
And a kiss from baby — only one.

— MARY CLEMMER.

Bereaved

LET me come in where you sit weeping, — aye,
Let me, who have not any child to die,
Weep with you for the little one whose love
I have known nothing of.

The little arms that slowly, slowly loosed
Their pressure round your neck, the hands you used
To kiss, — such arms, — such hands, I never knew,
May I not weep with you ?

Fain would I be of service — say something
Between the tears that would be comforting, —
But ah ! so sadder than yourself am I,
Who have no child to die.

— JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

So Tired

SO tired ; I fain would rest ;
But Lord, Thou knowest best,
I wait on Thee.
I will toil on from day to day,
Bearing my cross, and only pray
To follow Thee.

So tired ; my friends are gone,
And I am left alone,
 And days are sad.
Lord Jesus, Thou wilt bear my load
Along this steep and dreary road,
 And make me glad.

So tired ; my heart is low,
Shadows of coming woe
 Around me fall ;
And memories of sins long wept,
And hopes denied, that long have slept,
 Arise and call.

So tired ; yet I would work
For Thee ! Lord, hast Thou work
 Even for me ?
Small things which others, hurrying on
In Thy blest service swift and strong,
 Might never see ?

So tired ; yet I might reach
A flower to cheer and teach
 Some sadder heart.
Or for parched lips perhaps might bring
One cup of water from the spring,
 Ere I depart.

So tired ; yet it were sweet
Some faltering, tender feet
 To help and guide ;
Thy little ones whose steps are slow,
I should not weary them, I know,
 Nor roughly chide.

So tired ; Lord Thou wilt come
And take me to my home,
 So long desired.
Only Thy grace and mercy send,
That I may serve Thee to the end,
 Though I am tired.

— M. E. TOWNSEND.

Fallen Asleep

ONLY a little dust —
 So small that a rose might hide it ;
And I trust in God — or I try to trust,
 When I kneel in the dark beside it.

I kneel in the dark and say,
 I only dream that I weep ;
She would not leave me and go away —
 She has only fallen asleep.

Fallen asleep, as oft

She climbed to my heart to rest,
Her white arms twining my neck, as soft
As down on a dove's sweet breast.

Tenderly, unawares,

Sleep came in the waning light,
And kissed her there on the twilight stairs,
That lead to the morning light.

And that she will wake I know,
And smile at a grief like this;
It could not be she would leave me so
With never a good-night kiss.

So I kneel in the dark and say, •
I only dream that I weep;
She would not leave me and go away —
She has only fallen asleep.

— FRANK L. STANTON.

GRIEF fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form.

— WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

One Writes that Other Friends Remain

ONE writes, that "Other friends remain,"
That "Loss is common to the race," —
And common is the commonplace,
And vacant chaff well meant for grain.

That loss is common would not make
My own less bitter, rather more;
Too common! Never morning wore
To evening, but some heart did break.

— ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

The Little Watcher

SO tired looking out of the window,
And up at the cold gray sky,
And down on the streams of people
That never and never get by!

I wonder how long I've waited
Alone in the darkness here,
Watching to see him coming —
I think it must be a year.

I needn't have stood and listened
For his footsteps, day by day,

If only I'd heard them saying
A word of his going away.

For nobody thought to tell me,
Though I missed and missed him so ;
But all of the house seems empty,
And that is the way I know.

I'm hungry to have him kiss me,
And I think as each night grows dim,
He will come — if his heart keeps aching
For me as mine aches for him.

I've waited so long to tell him
That I've heard two robins sing :
And I want to show him my snowdrops,
And to ask if it is almost spring.

“Hark ! there's a step on the pavement
Like his, — but — it passes by ;
I'll hide in the shade of the curtain,
Where nobody sees, and cry.”

Ah, pitiful little weeper,
Nursing your grief so dumb,
You are but one of the watchers
Whose darlings will never come !

— MARGARET JUNKIN PRESTON.

Buried To-day

BURIED to-day,
When the soft green buds are bursting out,
And up on the south wind comes a shout
Of village boys and girls at play
In the mild spring evening gray.

Taken away,
Sturdy of heart and stout of limb,
From eyes that drew half their light from him,
And put low, low underneath the clay,
In his spring, — on this spring day.

Passes away,
All the pride of boy-life begun,
All the hope of life yet to run ;
Who dares to question when One saith “ nay ” ?
Murmur not, — only pray.

Enters to-day,
Another body in churchyard sod,
Another soul on the life in God,
His Christ was buried, — yet lives away ;
Trust Him, and go your way.

— DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK.

II

The dear Christ comfort you.

— ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Resignation

THERE is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there !

There is no fireside howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair !

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead ;
The heart of Rachel for her children crying,
Will not be comforted !

Let us be patient ! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors ;
Amid these earthly damps
What seem to us but sad, funeral tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death ! What seems so is transition ;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead, — the child of our affection, —
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ Himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air ;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her ;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child ;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace ;

And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves, moaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest, —

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay ;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

— HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Light

THE night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one ;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one ;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

— FRANCIS W. BOURDILLON.

Not Changed but Glorified

NOT changed but glorified ! Oh, beauteous
language

For those who weep,
Mourning the loss of some dear face departed,
Fallen asleep.

Hushed into silence, never more to comfort
The hearts of men.

Gone, like the sunshine of another country,
Beyond our ken.

Oh, dearest dead, we saw thy white soul shining
Behind the face,

Bright with the beauty and celestial glory
Of an immortal grace.

What wonder that we stumble, faint and weeping,
And sick with fears,

Since thou hast left us — all alone with sorrow,
And blind with tears ?

Can it be possible no words shall welcome
Our coming feet ?

How will it look, that face that we have cherished,
When next we meet ?

Will it be changed, so glorified and saintly,

That we shall know it not ?
Will there be nothing that will say, "I love thee,
And I have not forgot" ?

Oh, faithless heart, the same loved face transfigured
Shall meet thee there,
Less sad, less wistful, in immortal beauty
Divinely fair.

The mortal veil, washed pure with many weepings,
Is rent away,
And the great soul that sat within its prison
Hath found the day.

In the clear morning of that other country,
In Paradise,
With the same face that we have loved and cherished
She shall arise !

Let us be patient, we who mourn, with weeping,
Some vanished face,
The Lord has taken, but to add more beauty
And a diviner grace.

And we shall find once more, beyond earth's
sorrows,
Beyond these skies,
In the fair city of the "sure foundations,"
Those heavenly eyes,

With the same welcome shining through their
sweetness,
That met us here ;
Eyes, from whose beauty God has banished weeping,
And wiped away the tear.

Think of us, dearest one, while o'er life's waters
We seek the land,
Missing thy voice, thy touch, and the true helping
Of thy pure hand.
Till, through the storm and tempest, safely anchored
Just on the other side,
We find thy dear face looking through death's
shadows,
Not changed, but glorified.

Away

I CANNOT say, and I will not say
That he is dead — he is just away.

With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand,
As he wandered into an unknown land,

And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be, since he lingers there.

And you, — O you, who the wildest yearn
For the old-time step and the glad return, —

Think of him faring on, as dear
In the love of There as the love of Here :

And loyal still, as he gave the blows
Of his warrior-strength to his country's foes, —

Mild and gentle, as he was brave —
When the sweetest love of his life he gave

To simple things : — where the violets grew
Pure as the eyes they were likened to.

The touches of his hands have strayed
As reverently as his lips have prayed :

When the little brown thrush that harshly chirred
Was dear to him as the mocking-bird.

And he pitied as much as a man in pain,
A writhing honey-bee wet with rain.

Think of him still as the same, I say,
He is not dead — he is just away !

— JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

The Memory of the Dead

DEAR dead ! they have become
Like guardian angels to us ;
And distant heaven, like home,
Through them begins to woo us ;
Love that was earthly, wings
Its flight to holier places ;
The dead are sacred things
That multiply our graces.

They whom we loved on earth
Attract us now to heaven ;
Who shared our grief and mirth
Back to us now are given.
They move with noiseless foot
Gravely and sweetly round us,
And their soft touch hath cut
Full many a chain that bound us.

— FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

Resignation

Capulet. O child ! O child ! my soul, and not
my child !
Dead art thou ! Alack ! my child is dead :
And with my child my joys are buried.

Friar Lawrence. Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure lives not

In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid: now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keep from death,
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you sought was her promotion,
For 'twas your heaven she should be advanced;
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanced
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
O in this love you love your child so ill
That you run mad, seeing that she is well.

— WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Gone

“GONE!” said the poet, “and about to be
Forgotten: O, how sad a fate is hers!”
“How is it sad, my son?” all reverently
The old man answered; “though she minister
No longer with her lamp to me and thee,
She has fulfilled her mission. God transfers
Or dims her ray; yet was she blessed as bright,
For all her life was spent in giving light.

— JEAN INGELow.

With Trembling Fingers did we
Weave

WITH trembling fingers did we weave
The holly round the Christmas hearth;
A rainy cloud possess'd the earth
And sadly fell on Christmas-eve.

At our old pastimes in the hall
We gamboll'd, making vain pretence
Of gladness, with an awful sense
Of one mute shadow watching all.

We paused; the winds were in the beech;
We heard them sweep the winter land;
And in a circle hand-in-hand
Sat silent, looking each at each.

Then echo-like our voices rang,
We sung tho' every eye was dim,
A merry song we sang with him
Last year, impetuously we sang.

We ceased; a gentler feeling crept
Upon us; surely rest is meet:
"They rest," we said, "their sleep is sweet,"
And silence follow'd, and we wept.

Our voices took a higher range ;
Once more we sang : " They do not die
Nor lose their mortal sympathy,
Nor change to us, although they change :

" Rapt from the fickle and the frail
With gather'd power, yet the same,
Pierces the keen seraphic flame
From orb to orb, from veil to veil."

Rise, happy morn, rise, holy morn,
Draw forth the cheerful day from night ;
O Father, touch the east, and light
The light that shone when Hope was born.
— ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

From "The Bark of True Love"

THE port of Peace and Perfect Day
Are just across the azure way : —
Whoever strikes his earthly tent,
We will not wonder that he went,
We will not say that he has died,
But only gone the other side.

— BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.

When we go Home

WHEN we go home, think you 'tis true
That we shall know as once we knew —
You speak with me and I with you —
When we go home?

When we go home I hope to see
A little face look straight at me,
Unchanged from what it used to be,
When we go home.

When we go home 'twill be to hear
A darling voice, so low and clear
Our hearts were thrilled to think it near,
When we go home.

When we go home — we know not when,
Nor do we care, if only then
We live again the old “has-been,”
When we go home.

When we go home, it must be so,
From out the shades of long-ago
Will come the friends we lost below —
When we go home.

— J. L. SCOTT.

From "The Two Angels"

ALL is of God! If He but wave His hand,
The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,
Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,
Lo! He looks back from the departing cloud.

Angels of Life and Death alike are His:

Without His leave they pass no threshold o'er;
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
Against His messengers to shut the door?

— HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

In Paradise

O MY beloved ones,
How long did I lament
When "through the grave and gate of death"
Out of this world you went!

And still from sun to sun,
From solemn eve to eve,
How often I lament anew
And for your presence grieve!

How often little things
Will your dear ways recall,

And bring a mist before my eyes,
A shadow over all !

And though I sometimes think
You may be very near,
It does not still the inward cry,
“ If only they were *here* ! ”

Yet there are other times,
Dark in themselves 'tis true,
When I am filled with thankfulness,
Beloved ones, for you.

When some sharp trial comes,
When cruel things befall,
Hardships and disappointed hopes
You have escaped from all.

You have escaped from all !
I say it o'er and o'er,
With thankfulness in your behalf
Impossible of yore.

Sin is for you o'erpast,
The needless fret, the strife,
The failure and the weariness
That crush this mortal life.

A flood of joy flows in
That drowns the sense of grief,
As the fair vision of your peace
Comes to my glad belief

I cease to wish you here ;
Lead them, dear Lord, I say,
From blessedness to blessedness
On their immortal way.

—HARRIET MCEWEN KIMBALL.

The Angels of Grief

WITH silence only as their benediction,
God's angels come
Where, in the shadow of a great affliction,
The soul sits dumb !

Yet, would I say what thy own heart approveth :
Our Father's will,
Calling to Him the dear one whom He loveth,
Is mercy still.

Not upon thee or thine the solemn angel
Hath evil wrought ;
The funeral anthem is a glad evangel, —
The good die not !

God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly
What He hath given ;
They live on earth, in thought and deed, as truly
As in His heaven.

— JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

The Saddest Fate

TO touch a broken lute,
To strike a jangled string, —
To strive with tones forever mute
The dear old tunes to sing,
What sadder fate could any heart befall ?
Alas ! Dear child, never to sing at all.

To dream of love and rest ;
To know the dream has past ;
To bear within an aching breast
Only a void at last, —
What sadder fate could any heart befall ?
Alas ! Dear child, ne'er to have loved at all.

To trust an unknown good ;
To hope but all in vain ;
Over a far-off bliss to brood,
Only to find it pain, —

What sadder fate could any soul befall?
Alas! Dear child, never to hope at all.

Weep Not

OH! sweetest words that Jesus could have
sought,
To soothe the mourning widow's heart, — "Weep
not!"

They fall with comfort on my ear,
When life is dark and trouble near.

Words that were spoken amid sorrow's strife,
And in the very midst of death and life;
They shall refresh my soul at last,
And strengthen me till life is past.

Oh! sweetest words that Jesus could have sought,
To cheer His weary, troubled ones, — "Weep
not!"

Thrice blessed words! I, listening, stay,
Till grief and sorrow flee away!

— JOHANN HOFEL.

O Thou of Little Faith

SAD-HEARTED, be at peace ; the snow-drop
lies

Buried in sepulchre of ghastly snow ;
But spring is floating up the southern skies,
And darkling the pale snow-drop waits below.

Let me persuade ; in dull December's day
We scarce believe there is a month of June ;
But up the stairs of April and of May
The hot sun climbeth to the summer's noon.

Yet hear me : I love God, and half I rest.
O better ! God loves thee, so all rest thou.
He is our summer, our dim-visioned Best : —
And in His heart thy prayer is resting now.

— GEORGE MACDONALD.

After the Storm

ALL night, in the pauses of sleep, I heard
The moan of the Snow-wind and the Sea,
Like the wail of Thy sorrowing children, O God ;
Who cry unto Thee.

But in beauty and silence the morning broke,
O'erflowing creation the glad light streamed ;

And earth stood shining and white as the souls.
Of the blessed redeemed.

O glorious marvel in darkness wrought !
With smiles of promise the blue sky bent,
As if to whisper to all that mourn
Love's hidden intent.

— HARRIET MCEWEN KIMBALL.

Still in Thy Love I Trust

STILL in thy love I trust,
Supreme o'er death, since deathless is thy
essence ;

For, putting off the dust,
Thou hast but blest me with a nearer presence.

And so, for this, for all,
I breathe no selfish plaint, no faithless chiding ;
On me the snowflakes fall,
But thou hast gained a summer all-abiding.

Striking a plaintive string
Like some poor harper at a palace portal,
I wait without and sing,
While those I love glide in and dwell immortal.

— A. A. FIELDS.

Consolation

ALL are not taken ! there are left behind
Living Beloveds, tender looks to bring,
And make the daylight still a happy thing,
And tender voices to make soft the wind.
But if it were not so — if I could find
No love in all the world for comforting,
Nor any path but hollowly did ring,
Where “dust to dust” the love from life disjoined,—
And if before these sepulchres unmoving
I stood alone — as some forsaken lamb
Goes bleating up the moors in weary dearth —
Crying, “Where are ye, O my loved and loving?”
I know a Voice would sound, “Daughter, I Am !
Can I suffice for Heaven and not for earth ?”

— ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

From “Judas Maccabæus”

I DO not murmur, nay, I thank Thee, God,
That I and mine have not been deemed
unworthy
To suffer for Thy sake, and for Thy law,
And for the many sins of Israel.
Hark ! I can hear within the sound of scourges !

I feel them more than ye do, O my sons !
But cannot come to you. I, who was wont
To wake at night at the least cry ye made,
To whom ye ran, at every slightest hurt, —
I cannot take you now into my lap
And soothe your pain, but God will take you all
Into his pitying arms, and comfort you,
And give you rest.

— HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

At My Father's Grave

I COME half voiceless here and bring
The sorrow that I dare not sing, —
A grief set evermore apart
In the veiled chamber of my heart.

His mouldering dust can never hear
The tenderest footstep drawing near,
Yet far beyond our finite view
He sings amid the boundless blue.

And though I cannot see him stand,
Within the soul's illumined land,
Yet somewhere by Faith's crystal sea,
I know my father waits for me.

— WILLIAM HAMILTON HAYNE.

Substitution

WHEN some beloved voice that was to you
Both sound and sweetness, faileth suddenly,
And silence against which you dare not cry,
Aches round you like a strong disease and new,
What hope? what help? what music will undo
That silence to your sense? Not friendship's
sigh —

Not reason's subtle count, not melody
Of viols, nor pipes that Faunus blew, —
Nor songs of poets, nor of nightingales,
Whose hearts leap upward through the cypress trees
To the clear moon; nor yet the spheric laws
Self-chanted, nor the angel's sweet All hails,
Met in the smile of God. Nay, none of these,
Speak *Thou*, availing Christ! and fill this pause.

— ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Blessed are they that Mourn

DEEM not that they are blest alone
Whose days a peaceful tenor keep;
The Anointed Son of God makes known
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears,
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

Oh, there are days of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night,
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

And thou, who, o'er thy friend's low bier
Dost shed the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere,
Will give him to thy arms again.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny,
Though with a pierced and bleeding heart
And spurned of men he goes to die.

For God hath marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear,
For heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all His children suffer here.

— WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

By permission of D. Appleton & Co.

From "Brothers and a Sermon"

"WHEN troubles come of God,
When men are frozen out of work, when wives
Are sick, when working fathers fail and die,
When boats go down at sea — then naught behooves
Like patience; but for troubles wrought of men
Patience is hard — I tell you it is hard."

* * * * *

"But woe is me! I think there is no sun;
My sun is sunken, and the night grows dark:
None care for me. The children cry for bread,
And I have none, and naught can comfort me;
Even if the heavens were free to such as I,
It were not much, for death is long to wait,
And heaven is far to go!"

"And speakest thou thus,
Despairing of the sun that sets to thee,
And of the earthly love that wanes to thee,
And of the heaven that lieth far from thee?
Peace, peace, fond fool! One draweth near thy door
Whose footsteps leave no print across the snow;
Thy Sun has risen with comfort in His face,

The smile of heaven, to warm thy frozen heart
And bless thy saintly hand. What! is it long
To wait, and far to go? Thou shalt not go;
Behold, across the snow to thee He comes,
Thy heaven descends; and is it long to wait?
Thou shalt not wait: 'This night, this night,' He
saith,
'I stand at the door and knock.'

* * * * *

“Do thou know,
O woman pale for want, if thou art here,
That on thy lot much thought is spent in heaven;
And, coveting the heart a hard man broke,
One standeth patient, watching in the night,
And waiting in the daytime.

What shall be
If thou wilt answer? He will smile on thee;
One smile of His shall be enough to heal
The wound of man's neglect; and He will sigh,
Pitying the trouble which that sigh shall cure;
And He will speak — speak in the desolate night,
In the dark night: 'For me a thorny crown
Men wove, and nails were driven in my hands
And feet: there was an earthquake, and I died:
I died and am alive forevermore.

‘I died for thee; for thee I am alive,
And my humanity doth mourn for thee,
For thou art mine, and all thy little ones,
They, too, are mine, are mine. Behold, the house
Is dark, but there is brightness where the sons
Of God are singing; and, behold, the heart
Is troubled; yet the nations walk in white:
They have forgotten how to weep; and thou
Shalt also come, and I will foster thee
And satisfy thy soul; and thou shalt warm
Thy trembling life beneath the smile of God.
A little while — it is a little while —
A little while, and I will comfort thee,
I go away, but I will come again.’

— JEAN INGELOW.

Resigning

CHILDREN, that lay their pretty garlands by
So piteously, yet with a humble mind;
Sailors, who, when their ship rocks in the wind
Cast out her freight with half-averted eye,
Riches for life exchanging solemnly,
Lest they should never gain the wished-for shore;
Thus we, O Father, standing Thee before,
Do lay down at Thy feet without a sigh,

Each after each our precious things and rare,
Our dear heart jewels and our garlands fair.
Perhaps Thou knewest that the flower would die,
And the long-voyaged hoards be found but dust ;
So took'st while unchanged. To Thee we trust
For incorruptible treasures. Thou art just.

— DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK.

My Darlings

WHEN steps are hurrying homeward,
And night the world o'erspreads,
And I see at the open windows,
The shining of little heads,
I think of you, my darlings,
In your low and lonesome beds.
And when the latch is lifted,
And I hear the voices glad,
I feel my arms more empty,
My heart more widely sad ;
For we measure dearth of blessings
By the blessings we have had.
But sometimes in sweet visions
My faith to sight expands,
And with my babes in His bosom,
My Lord before me stands,

And I feel on my head bowed lowly
The touches of little hands.

Then pain is lost in patience,
And tears no longer flow ;
They are only dead to the sorrow
And sin of life, I know ;
For if they were not immortal
My love would make them so.

— ALICE CARY.

I cannot Doubt that they whom ye Deplore

I CANNOT doubt that they whom ye deplore
Are glorified, or, if they sleep, shall wake
From sleep, and dwell with God in endless love,
Hope, below this, consists not with belief
In mercy, carried infinite degrees
Beyond the tenderness of human hearts ;
Hope, below this, consists not with belief
In perfect wisdom, guiding mightiest power,
That finds no limit but her own pure will.
Here then we rest ; not fearing for our creed
The worst that human reason can achieve
To unsettle or perplex it.

— WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Heart Deaths

HEARTS often die bitter deaths before
The breath is breathed away,
And number weary twilights o'er
Ere the last evening gray.

I've sometimes looked on closed eyes
And folded hands of snow,
And said, "It was no sacrifice,
The heart went long ago."

O blessed death, that makes our bed
Beneath the daisies deep!
O mocking life, when hearts have fled
And eyes must watch and weep!

From "Snow Bound"

O HEART sore-tried! thou hast the best
That Heaven itself could give thee, — rest,
Rest from all bitter thoughts and things!
How many a poor one's blessing went
With thee, beneath the low green tent
Whose curtain never outward swings.

— JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Come, ye Disconsolate

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish;
Come to the mercy seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your
anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
"Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure."

Here see the Bread of Life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

— THOMAS MOORE.

Endurance

FIRST I thought, almost despairing,
This must crush my spirit now,
Yet I bore it, and am bearing; —
Only do not ask me how.

— GEORGE MACDONALD.

Comfort

SPEAK low to me, my Saviour, low and sweet
From out the hallelujahs, sweet and low,
Lest I should fear and fall, and miss Thee so
Who art not missed by any that entreat.
Speak to me, as to Mary at thy feet —
And if no precious gums my hands bestow,
Let my tears drop like amber, while I go
To reach Thy divinest voice complete
In humanest affection — thus in sooth
To lose the sense of losing! As a child
Whose song-bird seeks the wood forevermore,
Is sung to in its stead by mother's mouth.
Till, sinking on her breast, love reconciled,
He sleeps the faster that he wept before.

— ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

III

*Love, we are in God's hand.
How strange now, looks the life He makes us lead;
So free we seem, so fettered fast we are!
I feel He laid the fetter: let it lie!*

— ROBERT BROWNING.

The Pilgrims

THE way is long and dreary,
The path is bleak and bare;
Our feet are worn and weary,
But we will not despair.
More heavy was Thy burthen
More desolate Thy way;
Oh, Lamb of God who takest
The sin of the world away,
Have mercy on us.

The snows lie thick around us
In the dark and gloomy night;
And the tempest wails above us,
And the stars have hid their light;
But blacker was the darkness
Round Calvary's Cross that day:—
Oh, Lamb of God who takest
The sin of the world away,
Have mercy on us.

Our hearts are faint with sorrow
Heavy and hard to bear;
For we dread the bitter morrow,
But we will not despair.

Thou knowest all our anguish
And thou wilt bid it cease ; —
Oh, Lamb of God who takest
The sin of the world away,
Grant us Thy peace.

— ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

De Profundis

I

THE face, which duly as the sun
Rose up for me with life begun,
To mark all bright hours of the day
With daily love, is dimmed away, —
And yet my days go on, go on.

II

The tongue which like a stream could run
Smooth music from the roughest stone,
And every morning with “ Good day,”
Made each day good, is hushed away, —
And yet my days go on, go on.

III

The heart, which like a staff, was one
For mine to lean and rest upon,

The strongest on the longest day,
With steadfast love, is caught away, —
And yet my days go on, go on.

IV

And cold before my summer's done
And deaf in nature's general tune
And fallen too low for special fear
And here, with hope no longer here,
While the tears drop, my days go on.

V

The world goes whispering to its own,
"This anguish pierces to the bone,"
And tender friends go sighing round,
"What love can ever cure this wound?"
My days go on, my days go on.

VI

The past rolls forward on the sun
And makes all night. O dreams begun,
Not to be ended! Ended bliss!
My life that will not end in this, —
My days go on, my days go on.

VII •

Breath freezes on my lips to moan
As one alone, once not alone,
I sit and knock at Nature's door,
Heart-bare, heart-hungry, very poor,
Whose desolated days go on.

VIII

I knock and cry — undone, undone!
Is there no help, no comfort — none?
No gleaning in the wide wheat-plains
Where others drive their loaded wains?
My vacant days go on, go on.

IX

This Nature, though the snows be down,
Thinks kindly of the bird of June.
The little red hip on the tree
Is ripe for such. What is for me
Whose days so winterly go on?

X

No bird am I to sing in June,
And dare not ask an equal boon,

Good nests and berries red are Nature's
To give away to better creatures, —
And yet my days go on, go on.

XI

I ask less kindness to be done —
Only to loose these pilgrim shoon
(Too early worn and grimed) with sweet,
Cool, deathly touch to these tired feet,
Till days go out which now go on.

XII

Only to lift the turf unmown
From off the earth where it hath grown.
Some cubic space, and say, "Behold,
Creep in, poor Heart, beneath that fold,
Forgetting how the days go on."

XIII

What harm would that do? Green anon
The sward would quicken, overshone
By skies as blue: and crickets might
Have leave to chirp there day and night,
While my new rest went on, went on.

XIV

From gracious Nature have I won
Such liberal bounty ? May I run
So, lizard-like, within her side,
And there be safe who now am tried
By days that painfully go on ?

XV

A voice reproves me thereupon,
More sweet than Nature's when the drone
Of bees is sweetest, and more deep
Than when the rivers overleap
The shuddering pines, and thunder on.

XVI

God's voice, not Nature's — night and noon
He sits upon the great white throne
And listens for the creature's praise ;
What babble we of days and days ?
The Dayspring He, whose days go on.

XVII

He reigns above, He reigns alone :
Systems burn out and leave His throne ;

Fair mists of seraphs melt and fall
Around Him, changeless amid all ! —
Ancient of Days, whose days go on !

XVIII

He reigns below, He reigns alone —
And having life in love forgone
Beneath the crown of sovran thorns,
He reigns the jealous God. Who mourns
Or rules with Him, while days go on ?

XIX

By anguish which made pale the sun,
I hear Him charge His saints that none
Among His creatures anywhere
Blasphe^me against Him with despair,
However darkly days go on.

XX

Take from my head the thorn-wreath brown :
No mortal grief deserves that crown ;
O supreme Love^e, chief misery
The sharp regalia are for Thee
Whose days eternally go on !

XXI

For us, — whatever's undergone
 Thou knowest, wilt what is done.
 Grief may be joy misunderstood ;
 Only the Good discerns the good.
 I trust Thee while my days go on.

XXII

Whatever's lost, it first was won !
 I will not struggle nor impugn,
 Perhaps the cup was broken here
 That heaven's new wine might show more
 clear,
 I praise Thee while my days go on.

XXIII

I praise Thee while my days go on ;
 I love Thee while my days go on !
 Through dark and dearth, through fire and
 frost,
 With emptied arms and treasure lost,
 I thank Thee while my days go on !

And having in thy life-depth thrown
 Being and suffering, — which are one, —
 As a child drops some pebble small
 Down some deep well, and hears it fall
 Smiling — so I! Thy days go on.

— ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Waiting

I STAND and wait; while all around me lies
 Work that, to me, seems fitted to my hands;
 An angel holds me, and with grief I see
 My task accomplished by another's hands.

I sit and wait; upon my desk are laid
 A score of problems which I fain would solve;
 An angel clouds my thought; another comes
 And solves the problems which I long to solve.

I lie and wait; and from my couch I hear
 My loved ones summoned, taken from my side;
 An angel calls them and they tarry not.
 He leads them from me to the other side.

Pain, weariness, and Death, you call their names,
I call them angels, for they do His will,
And I would be submissive, though they crush
The fondest, dearest purpose of my will.

I know that Thou hast sent them, Father, God.
I know that Thou art good and kind and wise,
And I will bear whatever they may do
And try not e'en to wish it otherwise.

— ELI GURNEY COE.

Under the Cross

I CANNOT, cannot say,
Out of my bruised and breaking heart,
Storm-driven along a thorn-set way,
While blood drops start
From every pore as I drag on —
“Thy will, O God, be done!”

I cannot, in the wave
Of my strange sorrow's fierce baptism,
Look up to heaven, with spirit brave
From holy chrism;
And while the whelming rite goes on,
Murmur, “God's will be done.”

I am not strong to bear
This sudden blast of scorching breath,
Which blossoms hope in black despair
And life in death ;

I cannot say, without the sun,
“My God, Thy will be done.”

I thought but yesterday
My will was one with God’s dear will,
And that it would be sweet to say,
Whatever ill

My happy state should smite upon,
“Thy will, my God, be done.”

But I was weak and wrong,
Both weak of soul and wrong of heart ;
And pride alone in me was strong
With cunning art,

To cheat me in the golden sun
To say, “God’s will be done.”

O shadow drear and cold,
That frights me out of foolish pride ;
O flood, that through my bosom rolled
Its billowy tide ;

I said, till ye your power made known,
“God’s will, not mine, be done.”

Now faint and sore afraid
Under my cross heavy and rude,
My idols in the ashes laid
Like ashes strewed,
The holy words my pale lips shun,
“O God, Thy will be done!”

Pity my woes, O God,
And touch my will with Thy warm breath,
Put in my trembling hand Thy rod —
That quickens death,
That my dead faith may feel the sun
And say, “Thy will be done!”

— WILLIAM C. RICHARDS.

From “A Pompeian Preacher”

O PATIENT lives that sunless are,
From whom bright fortune stands afar!
Ye came not to your present state
By any careless chance; but Fate,
Whose name is God, hath planned it so,
With kinder forethought than we know!

— MAY RILEY SMITH.

Grass and Roses

I LOOKED where the roses were blooming,
They stood among grasses and weeds :
I said, " Where such beauties are growing
Why suffer these paltry weeds ? "

Weeping, the poor things faltered :
" We have neither beauty nor bloom,
We are grass in the roses' garden,
But the Master gives us room.

" Slaves of a generous Master,
Born from a world above,
We came to this place in His wisdom
We stay to this hour from His love.

" We have fed His humblest creatures,
We have served Him truly and long ;
He gave no grace to our features,
We have neither color nor song.

" Yet He who has made the flowers
Placed us on the self-same sod ;
He knows our reason for being, —
We are grass in the garden of God."

— JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

On his Blindness

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and
wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide, —
Doth God exact day-labor, light denied ?
I fondly ask ; — but Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need
Either man's work, or His own gifts : who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best ; His state
Is kingly ; thousands at His bidding speed
And post o'er land and ocean without rest : —
They also serve who only stand and wait.

— JOHN MILTON.

From “ Ugo Bassis’s Sermon in a Hospital ”

IT were not hard to suffer by His hand,
If thou couldst see His face ; but in the dark !
That is the one last trial. Be it so :
Christ was forsaken, so must thou be too :

How couldst thou suffer but in seeming, else ?
Thou wilt not see the face nor feel the hand,
Only the cruel crushing of the feet,
When through the bitter night the Lord comes down
To tread the wine-press, not by sight, but faith,
Endure, endure, — be faithful to the end !

— HARRIET ELEANOR HAMILTON KING.

Human Life

SAD is our youth, for it is ever going,
Crumbling away beneath our very feet ;
Sad is our life, for onward it is flowing,
In current unperceived, because so fleet ;
Sad are our hopes, for they were sweet in sowing,
But tares, self-sown, have overtopped the wheat.
Sad are our joys, for they were sweet in blowing,
And still, O still, their dying breath is sweet ;
And sweet is youth, although it hath bereft us
Of that which made our childhood sweeter still ;
And sweet our life's decline, for it hath left us
A nearer God to cure an older ill.
And sweet are all things, when we learn to prize
 them,
Not for their sakes, but His who grants them or
 denies them.

— AUBREY THOMAS DE VERE.

Regret

WHEN I remember something which I had,
But which is gone, and I must do without,
I sometimes wonder how I can be glad,

Even in cowslip time when hedges sprout :
It makes me sigh to think on it, — but yet
My days will not be better days, should I forget.

When I remember something promised me,
But which I never had, nor can have now,
Because the promiser we no more see
In countries that accord with mortal vow ;
When I remember this, I mourn, — but yet
My happier days are not the days when I forget.

— JEAN INGELow.

THE battle of our life is won
And heaven begun
When we can say, “Thy will be done !”
But, Lord, until
These restless hearts in Thy deep love are still,
We pray Thee teach us how to do Thy will.

— LUCY LARCOM.

Peace ! Be Still

PEACE ! Be still !
In this night of sorrow bow,
O my heart ! contend not thou !
What befalls thee is God's will —
Peace ! Be still !

Peace ! Be still !
All thy murmuring words are vain, —
God will make the riddle plain
Wait His word and bear His will —
Peace ! Be still !

Hold thou still !
Though the good Physician's knife
Seems to touch thy very life,
Death alone He means to kill, —
Hold thee still !

Shepherd mine !
From Thy fulness give me still
Faith to do and bear Thy will,
Till the morning light shall shine,
Shepherd mine !

Wait upon the Lord

YE whose utmost strength is weakness,
While you struggle worn and weary,
With the awful heat and burden

Of the unrelenting day :
Ye who wander lone and lonely,
Through the waste of desert places,
Thirsting oft and oft an-hungered,
Feeble lips too parched to pray.

Suns have scorched and thorns have hurt you,
Steep the path, and rough and rugged.
Footsore, travel-stained, and bleeding,

“Where is God?” you sometimes say;
“Life is pitiless, unheeding.”
O could I but give you comfort !
All my heart is sick with longing
Light to throw upon your way.

Something have I known of sorrow,
Fierce yet unavailing struggle ;
Kin to me are all who suffer.

May I touch one precious chord ?
Who shall mount on wings as eagles ?
Who shall run and not be weary ?

Who for strength faint not in walking ?
They that wait upon the Lord.

— S. E. ADAMS.

Art thou Weary ?

ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest ?
“Come to Me,” saith One, “and coming,
Be at rest.”

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide ?
“In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side.”

Is there diadem, as monarch,
That His brow adorns ?
“Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns.”

If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here ?
“Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear.”

If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last ?
“Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past.”

If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay ?
“Not till earth, and not till heaven,
Pass away.”

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless ?
Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, “Yes.”

— JOHN MASON NEALE.

IV

*Ah ! when the infinite burden of life descendeth upon
us,
Crushes to earth our hope, and under the earth, in the
graveyard,
Then it is good to pray unto God ; for His sorrowing
children
Turns He ne'er from His door, but He heals and
helps and consoles them.*

— HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

My Vesper Song

FILLED with weariness and pain,
Scarcely strong enough to pray,
In this twilight hour I sit —
Sit and sing my doubt away.

O'er my broken purposes
Ere the coming shadows roll,
Let me build a bridge of song
"Jesus, lover of my soul,"

"Let me to thy bosom fly,"
How the words my thoughts repeat!
To Thy bosom, Lord, I come
Though unfit to kiss Thy feet.

Once I gathered sheaves for Thee
Dreaming I could hold them fast;
Now I can but idly sing
"Oh, receive my soul at last."

I am weary of my fears,
Like a child when night comes on;
In the shadow, Lord, I sing
"Leave, ah, leave me not alone!"

Through the tears I still must shed,
Through the evil yet to be,
Though I falter while I sing,
“Still support and comfort me.”

“All my trust on Thee is stayed,”
Does the rhythm of the song
Softly falling on my heart
Make its pulses pure and strong?

Or is this Thy perfect peace
Now descending while I sing,
That my soul may sleep to-night
“’Neath the shadow of Thy wing”?

“Thou of life the fountain art,”
If I slumber on Thy breast,
If I sing myself to sleep
Sleep and death alike are rest.

Through the shadows over past,
Through the shadows yet to be,
Let the ladder of my song
“Rise to all eternity.”

Note by note its silver bars
May my soul in love ascend,

Till I reach the highest round,
In Thy kingdom without end.

Not impatiently I sing,
Though I stretch my hands and cry,
“Jesus, lover of my soul —
Let me to Thy bosom fly.”

— MARY R. BUTLER.

A Prayer in Sorrow

MY heart is at Thy feet, — my helpless heart !
I pray Thee bend and listen to my prayer ;
Bend low, and comfort my most deep despair,
Since my sole help, sole comforter Thou art.
It is Thy will that joy and I should part ;
Thy will be done — but have me in Thy care :
Unhelped by Thee the load I cannot bear —
My heart is at Thy feet, my helpless heart.

How can I go alone through life to death,
Comfort each empty day and lonely night,
Each doubt and fear that challengeth,
Except Thy strong arm put my foes to flight ?
I cry to Thee who gave my spirit breath —
Save me — O strong to save, as strong to smite !

— LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

Copyright, 1889, by Roberts Brothers.

Here am I

“**A**LLAH, Allah!” cried the sick man, racked
with pain the long night through:
Till with prayer his heart grew tender, till his lips
like honey grew.

But at morning came the tempter: said, “Call
louder, child of pain,
See if Allah ever hear, or answer ‘Here am I’
again.”

Like a stab the cruel cavil through his brain and
pulses went:
To his heart an icy coldness, to his brain a dark-
ness sent.

Then before him stands Elias: says, “My child,
why thus dismayed?
Dost repent thy former fervor? Is thy soul of
prayer afraid?”

“Ah!” he cried, “I’ve called so often: never
heard the ‘Here am I,’
And I thought, God will not pity, will not turn
on me His eye.”

Then the grave Elias answered, "God said, ' Rise,
Elias : go —

Speak to him the sorely tempted : lift him from his
gulf of woe ;

"Tell him that his very longing is itself an an-
swering cry :

That his prayer, "Come, gracious Allah !" is My
answer, " Here am I." "

"Every inmost aspiration is God's angel undefiled ;
And in every ' O, my Father ! ' slumbers deep a
' Here my child ! ' "

— JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

Just for To-day

L ORD, for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray :
Keep me, my God, from stain of sin
Just for to-day.

Let me both diligently work
And duly pray,
Let me be kind in word and deed
Just for to-day.

Let me be slow to do my will,
 Prompt to obey,
Help me to mortify my flesh
 Just for to-day.

Let me no wrong or idle word
 Unthinking say :
Set Thou a seal upon my lips
 Just for to-day.

Let me in season, Lord, be grave,
 In season gay,
Let me faithful to Thy grace
 Just for to-day.

And if to-day my tide of life
 Should ebb away,
Give me Thy sacraments divine,
 Sweet Lord, to-day.

So for to-morrow and its needs
 I do not pray
But keep me, guide me, love me, Lord,
 Just for to-day.

—SAMUEL WILBERFORCE.

For Divine Strength

FATHER, in Thy mysterious presence kneeling,
Fain would our souls feel all Thy kindling
love ;

For we are weak and need some deep revealing
Of trust and strength and calmness from above.

Lord, we have wandered forth through doubt and
sorrow

And Thou hast made each step an onward one ;
And we will ever trust each unknown morrow, —
Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

In the heart's depths a peace serene and holy
Abides ; and when pain seems to have her will,
Or we despair, oh ! may that peace rise slowly,
Stronger than agony, and we be still.

Now, Father, — now, in Thy dear presence kneeling,
ing,

Our spirits yearn to feel Thy kindling love ;
Now make us strong, — we need Thy deep revealing
ing
Of trust, and strength, and calmness from above.

— SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Rock of Ages

“**R**OCK of Ages, cleft for me,”
Thoughtlessly the maiden sung,
Fell the words unconsciously
From her girlish, gleeful tongue ;
Sung as little children sing,
Sung as sing the birds in June ;
Fell the words like light leaves sown
On the current of the tune,—
“Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.”

Felt her soul no need to hide,
Sweet the song as song could be,
And she had no thought beside ;
All the words unheedingly
Fell from lips untouched by care,
Dreaming not that each might be,
On some other lips a prayer —
“Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.”

“Rock of Ages, cleft for me — ”
’Twas a woman sung them now,
Pleadingly and prayerfully ;

Every word her heart did know.
Rose the song as storm-tossed bird
Beats with weary wing the air,
Every note with sorrow stirred,
Every syllable a prayer —
“Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.”

“Rock of Ages, cleft for me —”
Lips grown aged sung the hymn
Trustingly and tenderly,
Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim
“Let me hide myself in Thee.”
Trembling though the voice and low,
Rose the sweet strain peacefully
As a river in its flow ;
Sung as only they can sing
Who behold the promised rest.

“Rock of Ages, cleft for me,”
Sung above a coffin-lid ;
Underneath all restfully
All life's cares and sorrows hid.
Never more, O storm-tossed soul,
Never more from wind or tide,
Never more from billow's roll

Wilt thou need thyself to hide.
Could the sightless, sunken eyes,
Closed beneath the soft gray hair,—
Could the mute and stiffened lips
Move again in pleading prayer,
Still, aye still the words would be,
“Let me hide myself in Thee.”

— ELLA MAUD MORE.

Far from Home and Country

JESU, wilt Thou mind Thee,
Blessed little One,
Of Thine exiled children
Journeying alone?
Wilt Thou mind Thee of them
Toiling through the night,
When the clouds have borne Thee
To the home of light?
Yes, Thou wilt remember
On Thy Father's throne,
In that perfect glory
Shared with Him alone:
Thou wilt keep us peaceful,
Free from all alarms,
Resting in the shelter
Of the Everlasting Arms.

Far from home and country,
Toiling through the night,
Bid Thine angels guide us
To the home of light.

— M. E. TOWNSEND.

O God that madest Earth and Sky

O GOD that madest earth and sky, the darkness and the day,
Give ear to this Thy family and help us when we pray !
For wide the waves of bitterness around our vessel roar
And heavy grows the pilot's heart to view the rocky shore.

The cross our Master bore for us, for Him we fain would bear,
But mortal strength to weakness turns, and courage to despair !
Then mercy on our failings, Lord ! our sinking faith renew,
And when Thy sorrows visit us, oh, send Thy patience too !

— REGINALD HEBER.

Make Thy Way Mine

FATHER, hold Thou my hands: the
way is steep,
I cannot see the path my feet must keep:
I cannot tell, so dark the tangled way,
Where next to step. Oh, stay:
Come close; take both my hands in Thine
Make Thy way mine.

Lead me, I may not stay:
I must move on, but oh, the way!
I must be brave and go:
Step forward in the dark nor know
If I shall reach the goal at all —
If I shall fall.

Take Thou my hand:
Take it! Thou knowest best
How I should go, and all the rest;
I cannot, cannot see:
Lead me, I hold my hands to Thee,
I own no will but Thine!
Make Thy way mine.

— GEORGE KLINGLE.

Humility

THE mistakes of my life are many,
The sins of my heart are more,
And I scarce can see for weeping —
But I knock at the open door.

I am lowest of those who love Him
I am weakest of those who pray —
But I come as He has bidden
And He will not say me nay.

My mistakes His love shall cover,
My sins He will wash away,
And the feet that shrink and falter
Shall walk through the gates of day.

If I turn not from His whisper,
If I let not go His hand,
I shall see Him in His beauty —
The King in the far-off land !

The mistakes of my life are many,
And my soul is sick with sin,
And I scarce can see for weeping —
But the Lord will let me in.

— UNA LOCKE.

Strong Son of God, Immortal Love

STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove ;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade ;
Thou madest life in man and brute ;
Thou madest Death ; and lo, Thy foot
Is on the skull which Thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust :
Thou madest man, he knows not why ;
He thinks he was not made to die ;
And Thou hast made him : Thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, Thou.
Our wills are ours, we know not how ;
Our wills are ours to make them Thine.

Our little systems have their day ;
They have their day and cease to be ;
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith : we cannot know ;
For knowledge is of things we see ;
And yet we trust it comes from Thee,
A beam in darkness : let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell ;
That mind and soul according well,
May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight ;
We mock Thee when we do not fear ;
But help Thy foolish ones to bear,
Help Thy vain worlds to bear Thy light.

Forgive what seem'd my sin in me ;
What seem'd my worth since I began ;
For merit lives from man to man,
And not from man, O Lord, to Thee.

Forgive my grief for one removed,
Thy creature whom I found so fair.
I trust he lives in Thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved.

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
Confusions of a wasted youth ;
Forgive them where they fall in truth,
And in Thy wisdom make me wise.

— ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

Dost Thou not Care

I LOVE and love not : Lord, it breaks my
heart

To love and not to love.

Thou veiled within Thy glory, gone apart

Into Thy shrine which is above,

Dost Thou not love me, Lord, or care

For this mine ill ?

I love thee here or there ;

I will accept thy broken heart, lie still.

Lord, it was well with me in time gone by,

That cometh not again.

When I was fresh and cheerful : who but I,

I fresh, I cheerful : worn with pain

Now, out of sight and out of heart ;

O Lord, how long ?

I watch thee as thou art ;

I will accept thy fainting heart, be strong.

“Lie still,” “be strong” to-day, but, Lord, to-morrow,

What of to-morrow, Lord?

Shall there be rest from toil, be truce from sorrow,

Be living green upon the sward

Now but a barren grave to me?

Be joy for sorrow?

Did I not die for thee —

Do I not live for thee? Leave Me to-morrow.

— CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI.

Pray for my Soul

PRAY for my soul. More things are wrought
by prayer

Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy
voice

Rise like a fountain for me night and day.

For what are men better than sheep or goats

That nourish a blind life within the brain,

If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer

Both for themselves and those who call them
friend?

For so the whole round earth is everyway

Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

— ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

My Times are in Thy Hands

FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me,
And the changes that will surely come
I do not fear to see :
But I ask Thee for a present mind
Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And to wipe the weeping eyes :
And a heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathize.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know ;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts

To keep and cultivate ;
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait.

So I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side :
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask
In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to Thee ;
And careful less to serve Thee much
Than to please Thee perfectly.

There are briers besetting every path,
Which call for patient care ;
There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer :
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee
Is happy anywhere.

In a service which Thy love appoints
There are no bonds for me ;

For my secret heart is taught the truth
That makes Thy children free :
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

—ANNA LÆTITIA WARING.

Hymn of Winter

'TIS winter now : the fallen snow
Has left the heavens all coldly clear ;
Through leafless boughs the sharp winds blow,
And all the earth lies dead and drear.

And yet God's love is not withdrawn :
His life within the keen air breathes,
His beauty paints the crimson dawn,
And clothes the boughs with glittering wreaths.

And though abroad the sharp winds blow,
And skies are chill and frosts are keen,
Home closer draws her circle now
And warmer glows the light within.

O God ! who giv'st the winter's cold
As well as summer's joyous rays,
Us warmly in Thy love enfold,
And keep us through life's wintry days.

—SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

The Light that is Felt

A TENDER child of summers three,
Seeking her little bed at night,
Paused on the dark stair timidly.
"O mother! take my hand," said she,
"And then the dark will all be light."

We older children grope our way
From dark behind to dark before ;
And only when our hands we lay,
Dear Lord, in Thine, the night is day,
And there is darkness nevermore.

Reach downward to the sunless days,
Wherein our guides are blind as we,
And faith is small and hope delays ;
Take Thou the hands of prayer we raise
And let us feel the light of Thee !

— JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

The Fool's Prayer

THE royal feast was done : the king
Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried, "Sir Fool,
Kneel now, and make for us a prayer !"

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before ;
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head, and bent his knee
Upon the monarch's silken stool ;
His pleading voice arose : " O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool !

" No pity, Lord, could change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool ;
The rod must heal the sin : but, Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool !

" 'Tis not by guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay ;
'Tis by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away.

" These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end ;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heart-strings of a friend.

" The ill-timed truth we might have kept —
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung ?

The word we had not sense to say —
Who knows how grandly it had rung?

“Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all:
But for our blunders — oh, in shame
Before the eyes of heaven we fall.

“Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool
That did his will: but Thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!”

The room was hushed: in silence rose
The king, and sought his gardens cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low,
“Be merciful to me, a fool!”

— EDWARD ROLAND SILL.

The Shadows Lengthen

THE shadows lengthen, night draws on,
The sun is setting in the west;
We lift our voice and cry to Thee
For those dear souls we love the best.
O Father, grant them rest and light,
In that fair land which knows no night.

We watch for them, they watch for us !
And Thou art watching over all !
Thy love enfolds us as we wait,
At eventide to hear Thy call.
There, in the land which knows no night,
Grant us with them Thy rest and light.

Battle Hymn

FEAR not, O little flock, the foe,
Who madly seeks your overthrow,
Dread not his rage and power ;
What tho' your courage sometimes faints,
His seeming triumph o'er God's saints
Lasts but a little hour.

Be of good cheer, — your cause belongs
To Him who can avenge your wrongs,
Leave it to Him, our Lord.
Tho' hidden yet from all our eyes,
He sees the Gideon who shall rise
To save us, and His word.

As true as God's own word is true,
Nor earth, nor hell, with all their crew,
Against us shall prevail. —

A jest and byword are they grown ;
“ God is with us,” we are His own,
Our victory cannot fail.

Amen, Lord Jesus, grant our prayer !
Great Captain, now Thine arm make bare :
Fight for us once again !
So shall Thy saints and martyrs raise
A mighty chorus to Thy praise,
World without end. Amen.

— GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

Körner's Battle Hymn

FATHER, to Thee I cry !
The roaring cannon's vapor shrouds me round,
And flashing lightnings hiss along the ground.
Lord of the fight, I cry to Thee !
O Fathër, guide Thou me !

Father, be Thou my guide !
In victory's triumph, or in death laid low,
O Lord, unto Thy mighty will I bow ;
Even as Thou wilt, so let it be !
God, I acknowledge Thee !

Thy holy presence, Lord,
In the dread thunder of the clashing steel,
As in the rustling autumn leaves, I feel ;
Fountain of mercies, I acknowledge Thee !
O Father, bless Thou me !

Thy blessing on me rest !
Into Thy hands, O Father, I resign
The life Thou gavest, and canst take, but mine
In life or death Thy blessing be !
Glory and praise to Thee !

— KARL THEODOR KÖRNER.

Recessional

GOD of our fathers, known of old —
Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Beneath Whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine ;
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget !

The tumult and the shouting dies,
The Captains and the Kings depart
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice
An humble and a contrite heart ;

Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget !

Far-call'd our navies melt away —
On dune and head-land sinks the fire;
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre !
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget !

If drunk with sight of pow'r we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the law,
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget !

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard —
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord !

Amen.

— RUDYARD KIPLING.

V

*O star of strength ! I see thee stand
And smile upon my pain ;
Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand,
And I am strong again.*

— HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Three Words of Strength

THERE are three lessons I would write, —
Three words, as with a burning pen,
In tracings of eternal light,
Upon the heart of men.

Have hope ! though clouds environ round,
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow,
No night but hath its morn.

Have faith ! where'er thy bark is driven, —
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth, —
Know this : God rules the hosts of heaven
The inhabitants of earth.

Have love ! not love alone for one,
But man as man thy brother call,
And scatter, like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul,
Hope, faith, and love ; and thou shalt find
Strength when life's surges rudest roll,
Light when thou else wert blind.

— FREDERICK SCHILLER.

Kissing the Rod

O HEART of mine, we shouldn't
Worry so !
What we've missed of calm we couldn't
Have, you know !
What we've met of stormy pain,
And of sorrow's driving rain,
We can better meet again,
If it blow !

We have erred in that dark hour,
We have known,
When our tears fell with the shower,
All alone ! —
Were not shine and shadow blent
As the gracious Master meant ?
Let us temper our content
With His own.

For we know, not every morrow
Can be sad ;
So forgetting every sorrow
We have had,
Let us fold away our fears,
And put by our foolish tears,

And through all the coming years
Just be glad.

— JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

The Singer

UP in the east a lark was springing,
Down the yellow light was singing:
“Oh, that I were wise and strong!
I am nothing but a song.”

Stood the poet still and listened,
Rapt into the ringing skies;
Dewy dawns of Eden glistened
In a dying maiden's eyes.

And a child no minstrel seeing,
Said the angels sang above;
And a worn and withered being
Felt the carol, “God is love!”

Still the lark above them winging,
Shed his sorrow in his singing:
“Oh that I were wise and strong!
I am nothing but a song.”

— WADE ROBINSON.

Courage

BECAUSE I hold it sinful to despond,
And will not let the bitterness of life
Blind me with burning tears, but look beyond
Its tumult and its strife;

Because I lift my head above the mist,
Where the sun shines and the broad breezes
blow,
By every ray and every raindrop kissed
That God's love doth bestow;

Think you I find no bitterness at all,
No burden to be borne like Christian's pack?
Think you there are no ready tears to fall
Because I keep them back?

Why should I hug life's ills with cold reserve,
To curse myself and all who love me? Nay!
A thousand times more good than I deserve
God gives me every day.

And in each one of these rebellious tears,
Kept bravely back, He makes a rainbow shine;
Grateful, I take His slightest gift. No fears
Nor any doubts are mine.

Dark skies must clear, and when the clouds are
past,

One golden day redeems a weary year.
Patient, I listen, sure that sweet at last
Will sound His voice of cheer.

Then vex me not with chiding. Let me be.
I must be glad and grateful to the end.
I grudge you not your cold and darkness — me
The powers of light befriend.

— CELIA THAXTER.

From "The Birds of Killingworth"

THINK every morning when the sun peeps
through

The dim, leaf-latticed windows of the grove,
How jubilant the happy birds renew

Their old, melodious madrigals of love!
And when you think of this, remember, too,
'Tis always morning somewhere, and above
The awakening continents, from shore to shore
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.

— HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

April

O RAINY days ! O days of sun !
What are ye all when the day is done ?
Who shall remember sun or rain ?

O years of loss ! O joyful years !
What are ye all when heaven appears ?
Who shall look back for joy or pain ?

— WILLIAM PRESCOTT FOSTER.

Joy after Sorrow

COMETH sunshine after rain,
After mourning joy again,
After heavy, bitter grief
Dawneth surely sweet relief;
And my soul, who from her height
Sank to realms of woe and night,
Wingeth now to heaven her flight.

None was ever left a prey,
None was ever turned away
Who had given himself to God,
And on him had cast his load.
Who in God his hope hath placed

Shall not life in pain outwaste,
Fullest joy he yet shall taste.

Though to-day may not fulfil
All thy hopes, have patience still,
For perchance to-morrow's sun
Sees thy happier days begun.
As God willeth march the hours,
Bringing joy at last in showers,
When whate'er we ask is ours.

Every sorrow, every smart
That the Eternal Father's heart
Hath appointed me of yore,
Or hath yet for me in store
As my life flows on, I'll take
Calmly, gladly, for His sake
No more faithless murmurs make.

I will meet distress and pain,
I will greet e'en Death's dark reign,
I will lay me in the grave
With a heart still glad and brave ;
Whom the Strongest doth befriend,
Whom the Highest counts His friend,
Cannot perish in the end.

— PAUL GERHARDT.

Cheerfulness

I THINK we are too ready with complaint
In this fair world of God's. Had we no hope,
Indeed, beyond the zenith and the slope
Of yon gray bank of sky, we might be faint
To muse upon eternity's constraint
Round our aspirant souls. But since the scope
Must widen early, is it well to droop
For a few days consumed in loss and taint?
O pusillanimous heart be comforted,—
And, like a cheerful traveller take the road,
Singing beside the hedge. What if the bread
Be bitter in thine inn, and thou unshod
To meet the flints? At least it may be said,
“Because the way is short, I thank Thee, God!”

—ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Waiting

AT Jesus' feet a young disciple fell,
And poured forth his complaint: “O Lord,
we know
Beyond what Thou dost will sin cannot go,
But it is hard to war with shades of hell
Thy shining presence would at once dispel,

It is so long to wait the end of woe ! ”
His guardian angel stood and whispered low,
“Thou hast thy task ; do that — all else is well ! ”

He rose and with a sigh the voice obeyed,
And all his soul bent to his task alone,
Unheeding how age followed youth's bright noon,
Until the angel came again and said, —
“The Master calleth ; rise, thy task is done ! ”
And then he cried, in wonder wrapt, “So soon ? ”

— L. D. S.

Growing Old

“**Y**OU are growing old,” they tell us,
Every year ;
“You are more alone,” they tell us,
Every year ;
You can win no new affection,
You have only recollection,
Deeper sorrows and dejection,
Every year.

There come new cares and sorrows,
Every year ;

Darker days and darker morrows
 Every year;
The ghosts of dead love haunt us,
The ghosts of changed friends taunt us,
And disappointments daunt us
 Every year.

Too true! Life's shores are shifting
 Every year;
And we are seaward drifting
 Every year;
Old places changing fret us,
The living more forget us,
There are fewer to regret us,
 Every year.

But the truer life draws nigher
 Every year;
And the Morning Star climbs higher
 Every year;
Earth's hold on us grows slighter,
And the heavy burthen lighter,
And the Dawn immortal brighter,
 Every year.

— ALBERT PIKE.

There are in this Loud Stunning Tide

THERE are in this loud stunning tide
Of human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide
Of the everlasting chime ;
Who carry music in their heart,
Through dusky lane, and wrangling mart ;
Plying their daily toil with busier feet,
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat.

— JOHN KEBLE.

THESE eyes, though clear
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light their seeing have forgot ;
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun, or moon, or star throughout the year,
Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
Against heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope : but still bear up and steer
Right onward.

— JOHN MILTON.

To the Discouraged

MY friend, I see the lines of care
Engraven on thy face,
And e'en the stamp of sorrow there
With certainty I trace.

Within thine eye an anxious look,
I also plainly see,
Hangs like a shadow o'er the brook,
And breaks but fitfully.

Thy voice is tuned to some regret,
And trembles with a tear;
O friend, 'twas not so when we met
In those old days so dear.

You've striven — the world has scorned your strife;
You've loved — the world has frowned;
You've blessed — the world has cursed your life,
With thorns you have been crowned.

O friend, I plainly read it all:
I've tasted of your cup —
The bitter wormwood and the gall
That hapless man must sup.

And yet this is the faithful sign
That you have heavenward trod ;
Yes, in it lies the truth divine
That you have walked with God.

Discouraged ? No ! That cannot be
While God is by your side,
A shield and buckler unto thee,
A shepherd and a guide.

Go forward in the line of right,
Let men say what they will ;
Thy glory like the dawning light,
The darkened vale shall fill.

—GEORGE W. CROFTS.

Out in the Fields

THE little cares that fretted me,
I lost them yesterday
Among the fields above the sea,
Among the winds at play,
Among the lowing of the herds,
The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds,
The humming of the bees,

The foolish fears of what might happen,
I cast them all away
Among the clover-scented grass,
Among the new-mown hay,
Among the hushing of the corn
Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born
Out in the fields with God.

BUT then the thrushes sang,
And shook my pulses and the elms' new leaves, —
At which I turned, and held my finger up,
And bade him mark that, howsoe'er the world
Went ill, as he related, certainly
The thrushes still sang in it.

— ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

The Inevitable

I LIKE the man who faces what he must
With step triumphant and a heart of cheer ;
Who fights the daily battle without fear ;
Sees his hopes fail, yet keeps unfaltering trust
That God is God, — that, somehow, true and just
His plans work out for mortals : not a tear
Is shed, when fortune, which the world holds dear,

Falls from his grasp : better with love a crust,
Than living in dishonor : envies not,

Nor loses faith in man : but does his best,
Nor ever murmurs at his humble lot,

But with a smile and words of hope gives zest
To every toiler : he alone is great,
Who by a life heroic conquers fate.

— SARA K. BOLTON.

APART from the woes that are dead and gone
And the shadow of future care,
The heaviest yoke of the present hour
Is easy enough to bear.

— ALICE CARY.

February

WILL winter never be over ?
Will the dark days never go ?
Must the buttercup and the clover
Be always hid under the snow ?

Ah, lend me your little ear, love !
Hark 'tis a beautiful thing ;
The weariest month of the year, love,
Is shortest and nearest the spring !

— MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

Omnipresence

A THOUSAND sounds, and each a joyful
sound ;

The dragon-flies are darting as they please,
The humming-birds are humming all around,
The clithra all alive with buzzing bees,
Each playful leaf its separate whisper found,
As laughing winds went rustling thro' the grove ;
And I saw thousands of such sights as these,
And heard a thousand sounds of joy and love.

And yet so dull I was, I did not know
That He was there who all this love displayed,
I did not think how He who loved us so
Shared all my joy, was glad that I was glad ;
And all because I did not hear the word
In English accents say, "It is the Lord."

— EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

My Lighthouse

LIFT up thy light, O soul, arise and shine,
Steadfast while all the storms of life assail !
Immortal spark of the great Light divine,
Against whose power no tempest shall prevail !

Hold high thy lamps above earth's restless tides,
Scatter thy messages of hope afar !
Falsehood and folly pass, but Truth abides ;
Thine be the splendor of her deathless star.

When the world's sins and sorrows round thee rave,
Pierce thou the darkness with thy dauntless ray,
Send out thy happy beams to help and save,
" More and more shining to the perfect day ! "

— CELIA THAXTER.

The Right must Win

O H, it is hard to work for God,
To rise and take His part
Upon this battle-field of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart !

He hides Himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God ;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.

Or He deserts us at the hour
The fight is all but lost,

And seems to leave us to ourselves
Just when we need Him most.

Ill masters good ; good seems to change
To ill with greatest ease,
And, worst of all, the good with good
Is at cross purposes.

Ah ! God is other than we think ;
His ways are far above,
Far beyond reason's height, and reached
Only by childlike love.

Workmen of God ! Oh, lose not heart,
But learn what God is like ;
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.

Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell,
That God is on the field when He
Is most invisible.

Blest too is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie ;
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

For right is right, since God is God ;
And right the day must win ;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

—FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

The Rainy Day

THE day is cold, and dark, and dreary ;
It rains, and the wind is never weary ;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary ;
It rains, and the wind is never weary ;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart ! and cease repining ;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining ;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

With Whom is no Variableness

IT fortifies my soul to know
That, though I perish, Truth is so ;
That, howsoe'er I stray and range
Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change.
I steadier step when I recall
That if I slip Thou dost not fall.

— ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

Shall I Look Back

FROM some dim height of being, undescried,
Shall I look back and trace the weary way
By which my feet are journeying to-day —
The toilsome path that climbs the mountain-side
Or leads into the valley, sun-denied ?
Where through the darkness hapless wanderers
stray,
Unblessed, uncheered, ungladdened by a ray
Of certitude, their errant step to guide ?
Shall I look back, and see the great things small ;
The toilsome path, God's training for my feet,
The pains that never had been worth my tears ?
Will some great light of rapture, bathing all,

Make by-gone woe seem joy : past bitter, sweet ?
Shall I look back and wonder at my fears ?

In June

I Show You a Mystery

O FRIEND, your face I cannot see,
Your voice I cannot hear,
But for us both breaks at our feet
The floodtide of the year ;
The summertide all beautiful
With fragrance, and with song,
Sung by the happy-hearted birds
To cheer the months along.

And so the mystery I show
Is this, all simple-sweet ;
Because God's summertide so breaks
At yours and at my feet,
We're not so very far apart
As it at first would seem,
We're near each other *in the Lord* ;
The miles are all a dream.

—JOHN WHITE CHADWICK.

Copyright, 1888, by John W. Chadwick.

Scotch Hymn

THERE are blossoms that hae budded,
 Been blighted i' the cauld,
An' lammies that hae perished
 Because they left the fauld.
But cower ye in aneath His wings,
 Wha died upon the tree,
An' gathers in His bosom
 Helpless weans like you and me.

In the warld there's tribulation,
 In the warld there's wae ;
But the warld it is bonnie,
 For our Father made it sae ;
Then brichten up your armor, ·
 An' be happy as ye gang,
Though your sky be aften clouded,
 It winna be for lang.

A Song of Summer

THE ships glide in at the harbor's mouth,
 And the ships sail out to sea,
And the wind that sweeps from the sunny South,
 It is sweet as sweet can be.

There's a world of toil and a world of pains,
There's a world of trouble and care,
But oh, in a world where our Father reigns
There is gladness everywhere !

The harvest waves in the breezy morn,
And the men go forth to reap,
The fulness comes to the tasselled corn
Whether we wake or sleep.
And far on the hills by feet untrod,
There are blossoms that scent the air ;
For oh, in this world of our Father, God,
There is beauty everywhere !

The breath grows faint on the dying lips,
And the weary hands lie still ;
Our life is dimmed by the grief-eclipse,
But we rest on the Father's will.
A world of parting, a world of tears,
Yet we sink not in despair,
For oh, in the midst of the mournful years,
There is comfort everywhere !

The babe lies soft on the mother's breast,
And the tide of joy flows in,
He giveth, He taketh, He knoweth best,
The Lord to whose home we win.

And oh, when the soul is with trials tossed
There is help in the lifted prayer !
For never a soul that He loves is lost,
And our Father is everywhere !

The ships sail over the harbor bar
Away and away to sea,
The ships sail in with the evening star
To the port where no tempests be.
The harvests wave on the summer hills,
And the bands go forth to reap,
And all is right as our Father wills,
Whether we wake or sleep.

— MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

VI

*Art thou afraid His power shall fail
When comes thy evil day?
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary or decay?*

O yet we trust that Somehow Good

O YET we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood.

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroy'd,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete.

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last — far off — at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream; but what am I?
An infant crying in the night;
An infant crying for the light;
And with no language but a cry.

— ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

From "The Present Crisis"

CARELESS seems the great Avenger ; history's
pages but record

One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old sys-
tems and the Word :

Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on
the throne —

Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, behind the
dim unknown,

Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch
above His own.

— JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Not as I Will

BLINDFOLDED and alone I stand
With unknown thresholds on each hand ;

The darkness deepens as I grope,

Afraid to fear, afraid to hope ;

Yet this one thing I learn to know

Each day more surely as I go,

That doors are opened, ways are made,

Burdens are lifted or are laid,

By some great law unseen and still,

Unfathomed purpose to fulfil

"Not as I will."

Blindfolded and alone I wait ;
Loss seems too bitter, gain too late ;
Too heavy burdens in the load
And too few helpers on the road ;
And joy is weak, and grief is strong
And years and days so long, so long ;
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That I am glad the good and ill
By changeless laws are ordered still,
 “ Not as I will.”

“ Not as I will : ” the sound grows sweet
Each time my lips the words repeat.
“ Not as I will : ” the darkness feels
More safe than light, when this thought steals
Like whispered voice to calm and bless
All unrest and all loneliness.
“ Not as I will,” because the One
Who loved us first and best has gone
Before us on the road, and still
For us must all His love fulfil,
 “ Not as I will.”

— HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

Copyright, 1873, by Roberts Brothers.

Not Knowing

I KNOW not what will befall me !
God hangs a mist o'er my eyes,
And o'er each step of my onward path
He makes new scenes to rise,
And every joy He sends me comes
As a sweet and glad surprise.

I see not a step before me
As I tread the days of the year,
But the past is still in God's keeping,
The future His mercy shall clear.
And what looks dark in the distance
May brighten as I draw near.

For perhaps the dreaded future
Is less bitter than I think,
The Lord may sweeten the waters
Before I stoop to drink ;
Or, if Marah must be Marah,
He will stand beside its brink.

It may be there is waiting
For the coming of my feet
Some gift of such rare blessedness,

Some joy so strangely sweet
That my lips can only tremble
With the thanks I cannot speak.

Oh restful, blissful ignorance !
'Tis blessed not to know ;
It keeps me quiet in those arms
Which will not let me go.
And hushes my soul to rest
On the bosom which loves me so.

So I go on, not knowing ;
I would not if I might ;
I would rather walk in the dark with God,
Than go alone in the light ;
I would rather walk with Him by faith,
Than walk alone by sight.

My heart shrinks back from trials
Which the future may disclose ;
Yet I never had a sorrow
But what the dear Lord chose ;
So I send the coming tears back
With the whispered word, " He knows ! "

— MISS M. G. BRAINARD.

I shall be Satisfied

NOT here! not here! not where the sparkling waters

Fade into mocking sands as we draw near;
Where in the wilderness each footstep falters —
I shall be satisfied; but oh! not here!

Not here — where every dream of bliss deceives us,

Where the worn spirit never gains its goal,
Where, haunted ever by the thoughts that grieve us,
Across us floods of bitter memory roll.

There is a land where every pulse is thrilling,
With rapture earth's sojourners may not know,
Where Heaven's repose the weary heart is stilling
And peacefully life's time-tossed currents flow.

Far out of sight, while yet the flesh infolds us,
Lies the fair country where our hearts abide,
And of its bliss is nought more wondrous told us
Than these few words, "I shall be satisfied."

Satisfied? Satisfied? The spirit's yearning
For sweet companionship with kindred minds,—

The silent love that here meets no returning, —
The inspiration which no language finds.

Shall they be satisfied? The soul's vague long-
ings —

The aching void which nothing earthly fills?
Oh! what desires upon my soul are thronging
As I look upward to the heavenly hills.

Thither my weak and weary steps are tending,
Saviour and Lord! with Thy frail child abide!
Guide me towards home, where all my wander-
ings ending,
I then shall see Thee and be satisfied.

From "Brushwood"

I AM the Burthen-bearer, — I
Will never pass the o'erladen by,
My feet are on the mountains steep,
They wind through valleys dark and deep;
They print the hot dust of the plain,
And walk the billows of the main;
Wherever is a load to bear
My willing shoulder still is there.

— THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

God Watcheth

MY child woke crying from her sleep;
I bended o'er her bed,
And soothed her, till in slumber deep
She from the darkness fled.

And, as beside my child I stood,
A still voice said to me :
Even thus, thy Father, strong and good
Is bending over thee.

—GEORGE MACDONALD

Trust

THE same old baffling questions! O my
friend,
I cannot answer them. In vain I send
My soul into the dark, where never burn
The lamps of science, nor the natural light
Of Reason's sun and stars! I cannot learn
Their great and solemn meanings, nor discern
The awful secrets of the eyes which turn
Evermore on us through the day and night
With silent challenge and a dumb demand,

Proffering the riddles of the dread unknown,
Like the calm sphinxes, with their eyes of stone
Questioning the centuries from their veils of sand !
I have no answer for myself or thee
Save that I learned beside my mother's knee :
"All is of God that is, and is to be ;
And God is good." Let this suffice us still,
Resting in childlike trust upon His will
Who moves to His great ends unthwarted by the
ill.

— JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

The Corn and the Lilies

S AID the corn to the lilies :
"Press not near my feet

You are only idlers,
Neither corn nor wheat.

Does one earn a living
Just by being sweet ? "

Naught answered the lilies,
Neither yea nor nay,

Only they grew sweeter
All the livelong day.

And at last the Teacher
Chanced to come that way.

While His tired disciples
 Rested at His feet,
And the proud corn rustled
 Bidding them to eat,
“Children,” said the Teacher,
 “ The life is more than meat.

“ Consider the lilies,
 How beautiful they grow !
Never king had such glory,
 Yet no toil they know.”
Oh ! happy were the lilies
 That He loved them so.

There's Nothing Bright, Above, Below

THERE'S nothing bright, above, below,
 From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
 Some feature of Thy Deity !

There's nothing dark, below, above,
 But in its gloom I trace Thy love :
And meekly wait that moment, when
 Thy touch shall turn all bright again.

— THOMAS MOORE.

To-morrow's News

THERE will be news to-morrow :
 News of sorrow
May be ; hard and sharp and cutting :
 Shutting
 Off a breath of sweetness,
 Life's completeness
 Shattering further ;
 Clashing hard on one another
Hope and faith : but God will choose
 The wisest news.
 If I to-night
 Were given to write,
By my own will, the words to shape
To-morrow's course, sleep would escape
 Me, and the wings
Of my light heart be bound. God ordereth things ;
 And I but pray
 Shape Thou my destiny,
 And use me to Thy will.
Or, let me lie quite still
Within Thy hand. The news
Will be as God shall choose.

—GEORGE KLINGLE.

My Father's Child

ABOUT her head or floating feet
No halo's starry gleam,
Still dark and swift uprising, like
A bubble in a stream, —

A soul from whose rejoicing heart
The bonds of earth were riven,
Sped upward through the silent night
To the closed gates of heaven.

And waiting heard a voice: "Who comes
To claim Eternity?
Hero or saint that bled and died
Mankind to save and free?"

She bent her head. The voice once more:
"Didst thou then toil and live
For home and children — to thy love
Last breath and heart's-blood give?"

Her head sank lower still. She clasped
Her hands upon her breast, —
"Oh, no!" she whispered, "my dim life
Has never been so blest!"

“I trod a lonely, barren path,
And neither great nor good,
Gained not a hero's palm, nor won
The crown of motherhood !

“Oh, I was naught !” Yet suddenly
The white lips faintly smiled,
“Save, oh, methinks I was, mayhap
My Heavenly Father's child !”

A flash of light, a cry of joy,
And with uplifted eyes
The soul, through gates rolled open wide,
Passed into Paradise.

— GERTRUDE BLOEDE.

Oh, ask not Thou

OH, ask not thou how shall I bear
The burden of to-morrow ?
Sufficient for to-day, its care,
Its evil and its sorrow ;
God imparteth by the way
Strength sufficient for the day.

— J. E. SAXBY.

Providence

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants His footsteps in the sea
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints fresh courage take
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace,
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain ;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

— WILLIAM COWPER.

In Patience

I WILL not faint, but trust in God
Who this my lot hath given ;
He leads me by the thorny road
Which is the road to heaven.
Though sad my day that lasts so long,
At evening I shall have a song ;
Though dim my day until the night
At evening-time there shall be light.

My life is but a working day
Whose tasks are set aright
A while to work, a while to pray,
And then a quiet night.
And then, please God a quiet night,
Where saints and angels walk in white ;
One dreamless sleep from work and sorrow,
But re-awakening on the morrow.

— CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI.

Love Keeping Watch

FAR on yon heath so lone and wild,
A mother sits to watch her child,
Delighted with its heedless play,
Yet fearing it may go astray.

God watches both : O mother pray
That when those little feet shall stray
O'er paths of life more lone and wild,
God still may watch thy heedless child.

Pray, little one, that God may bless
Thy mother for her tenderness,
And watch her from His throne above,
With all her own unwearied love.

— SAMUEL HINDS.

Life's Answer

I KNOW not if or dark or bright
Shall be my lot ;
If that wherein my hopes delight
Be best or not.

It may be mine to drag for years
Toil's heavy chain ;

Or day and night my meat be tears
On bed of pain.

Dear faces may surround my hearth
With smiles and glee :
Or I may dwell alone, and mirth
Be strange to me.

My bark is wafted to the strand
By breath divine ;
And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine.

One who has known in storms to sail
I have on board ;
Above the raving of the gale
I hear my Lord.

He holds me when the billows smite,
I shall not fall :
If sharp, 'tis short : if long, 'tis light ;
He tempers all.

Safe to the land, — safe to the land,
The end is this ;
And then with Him go hand in hand
Far into bliss.

— HENRY ALFORD.

Per Pacem ad Lucem

I DO not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road :
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load.

I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet,
I know too well the poison and the sting .
Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead, —
Lead me aright,
Though strength should falter, and though heart
should bleed,
Through Peace to Light.

I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here,
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.

I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see,
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand
And follow Thee.

Joy is like restless day : but peace divine
Like quiet night ;
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine
Through Peace to Light.

— ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

Trust

THE clouds hang heavy round my way,
I cannot see ;
But thro' the darkness I believe
God leadeth me.

'Tis sweet to keep my hand in His,
While all is dim,
To close my weary, aching eyes
And follow Him.

Thro' many a thorny path He leads
My tired feet,
Thro' many a path of tears I go,
But it is sweet, —

To know that He is close to me,
My Guard, my Guide ;
He leadeth me ; and so I walk
Quite satisfied.

The Toys

MY little son, who look'd from thoughtful eyes
And moved and spoke in quiet grown-up
wise,

Having my law the seventh time disobey'd,
I struck him, and dismiss'd
With hard words and unkiss'd,
His mother, who was patient, being dead.
Then, fearing least his grief should hinder sleep,
I visited his bed,
But found him slumbering deep,
With darken'd eyelids, and their lashes yet
From his late sobbing wet,
And I, with moan,
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own;
For on a table drawn beside his head
He had put within his reach
A box of counters and a red-vein'd stone,
A piece of glass abraded by the beach,
And six or seven shells,
A bottle with bluebells,
And two French copper coins, ranged there with
careful art,
To comfort his sad heart.
So when that night I pray'd

To God, I wept, and said :
Ah, when at last we lie with trancèd breath,
Not vexing Thee in death,
And Thou rememberest of what toys
We made our joys,
How weakly understood
Thy great commanded good,
Then, fatherly not less
Than I whom Thou hast moulded from the clay,
Thou'lt leave Thy wrath and say,
“I will be sorry for their childishness.”

— COVENTRY PATMORE.

'Tis I, be not Afraid

TOSSED with rough winds and faint with fear,
Above the tempest, soft and clear,
What still small accents greet mine ear ?

“'Tis I, be not afraid.

“'Tis I who led thy steps aright ;
'Tis I who gave thy blind eyes sight ;
'Tis I thy Lord, thy Life, thy Light ;
'Tis I, be not afraid.

“These raging winds, this surging sea,
Bears not a breath of wrath to thee;
That storm has all been spent on Me,
’Tis I, be not afraid.

“The bitter cup fear not to drink;
I know it well — oh! do not shrink;
I tasted it o’er Kedron’s brink,
’Tis I, be not afraid.

“Mine eyes are watching by thy bed,
Mine arms are underneath thy head,
My blessing is around thee shed;
’Tis I, be not afraid.

“When on the other side thy feet
Shall rest ’mid thousand welcomes sweet,
One well-known voice thy heart shall greet;
’Tis I, be not afraid.”

From out the dazzling Majesty
Gently He lays His hand on thee,
Whispering, “Belovèd, lovest thou Me?
’Twas not in vain I died for thee;
’Tis I, be not afraid.”

— ELIZABETH CHARLES.

Out of Shadow

OUT of shadow into sunlight,
Out of darkness into day,
So oft we tread unheeding
Our well-appointed way,
Nor dream that after sorrow
May dawn a glad to-morrow.

— MARY DWINELL CHELLIS.

The Sunrise never failed us Yet

UPON the sadness of the sea
The sunset broods regretfully;
From the far lonely spaces, slow
Withdraws the wistful afterglow.

So out of life the splendor dies;
So darken all the happy skies;
So gathers twilight, cold and stern;
But overhead the planets burn.

And up the east another day
Shall chase the bitter dark away:
What though our eyes with tears be wet?
The sunrise never failed us yet.

The blush of dawn may yet restore
Our light, and hope, and joy once more,
Sad soul, take comfort, nor forget
That sunrise never failed us yet.

— CELIA THAXTER.

Thy Way, not Mine

THY way, not mine, O Lord
However dark it be !
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be, or rough,
It will be still the best ;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot ;
I would not, if I might ;
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine ; so let the way

That leads to it be Thine ;
Else I must surely stray.

Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem ;
Choose Thou my good and ill ;

Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health ;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, — not mine the choice,
In things or great or small ;
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom and my All.

— HORATIUS BONAR.

LEAVE God to order all thy ways,
And hope in Him whate'er betide ;
Thou'lt find Him in the evil days
An all-sufficient strength and guide ;
Who trusts in God's unchanging love,
Builds on a rock that naught can move.

Trust

BUILD a little fence of trust
Around to-day ;
Fill the space with loving work,
And therein stay ;
Look not through the sheltering bars
Upon to-morrow,
God will help thee bear what comes,
Of joy or sorrow.

— MARY FRANCES BUTTS.

He leadeth Me

IN pastures green? Not always ; sometimes He
Who knoweth best, in kindness leadeth me
In weary ways, where heavy shadows be,

Out of the sunshine, warm, and soft, and bright,
Out of the sunshine into darkest night,
I oft would faint with sorrow and affright,

Only for this : I know He holds my hand ;
So whether led in green or desert land,
I trust, although I may not understand.

Beside still waters? No, not always so;
Ofttimes the tempests round me blow,
And o'er my soul the waves and billows go.

But when the storms beat loudest and I cry
Aloud for help, the Master standeth by,
And whispers to my soul, "Lo, it is I!"

Above the tempest wild I hear Him say,
"Beyond this darkness lies the perfect day;
In every path of thine, I lead the way."

So whether on the hill-tops high and fair
I dwell, or in the sunless valleys where
The shadows lie, what matter? He is there.

And more than this: where'er the pathway lead,
He gives to me no helpless broken reed,
But His own hand, sufficient for my need.

So, where He leads me I can safely go,
And in the blest hereafter I shall know
Why in His wisdom He hath led me so.

— HENRY H. BARRY.

The Doubting Heart

WHERE are the swallows fled?
Frozen and dead
Perchance upon some bleak stormy shore.
O doubting heart!
Far over purple seas
They wait in sunny ease,
The balmy southern breeze,
To bring them to their home once more.

Why must the flowers die?
Prisoned they lie
In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.
O doubting heart!
They only sleep below
The soft white ermine snow
While winter winds shall blow,
To breathe and smile upon you soon again.

The sun has hid its rays
These many days;
Will dreary hours never leave the earth?
O doubting heart!
The stormy clouds on high,
Veil the same sunny sky

That soon, for spring is nigh,
Shall wake the summer into golden mirth.

Fair hope is dead, and light
Is quenched in night :
What sound can break the silence of despair ?
O doubting heart !
The sky is overcast,
Yet stars shall rise at last,
Brighter for darkness past,
And angels' silver voices stir the air.

— ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

God Cares

WHAT can it mean ? is it aught to Him
That the nights are long and the days are
dim ?

Can He be touched by the griefs I bear —
Which sadden the heart and whiten the hair ?
Around His throne are eternal calms,
And strong glad music of happy psalms
And bliss unruffled by any strife ;
How can He care for my poor life ?

And yet I want Him to care for me,
While I live in this world where the sorrows be,
When the light dies down on the path I take;
When strength is feeble and friends forsake;
When love and music that once did bless
Have left me to silence and loneliness;
And life's song changes to sobbing prayers —
Then my heart cries out for a God who cares.

When shadows hang o'er me the whole day long;
And my spirit is bowed with shame and wrong;
When I am not good, and the deeper shade
Of conscious sin makes my heart afraid;
And the busy world has too much to do
To stay in its course to help me through,
And I long for a Saviour, can it be
That the God of the universe cares for me?

Oh, wonderful story of deathless love!
Each child is dear to that heart above;
He fights for me when I cannot fight;
He comforts me in the gloom of night;
He lifts the burden for He is strong,
He stills the sigh, and awakens the song;
The sorrow that bowed me down He bears,
And loves and pardons because He cares.

Let all who are sad take heart again ;
We are not alone in our hours of pain,
Our Father stoops from His throne above
To soothe and quiet us with His love.
He leaves us not when the storm is high,
And we have safety for He is nigh :
Can it be trouble which He doth share ?
Oh, rest in peace for the Lord does care.

The Flight of the Birds

O WISE little birds, how do ye know
The way to go
Southward or northward, to and fro ?

Far up in the ether piped they,
“ We but obey
One who calleth us far away.

“ He calleth and calleth year by year,
Now there, now here,
Ever He maketh the way appear.”

Dear little birds, He calleth me
Who calleth ye :
Would that I might as trusting be !

— HARRIET MCEWEN KIMBALL.

ART tired ?

There is a rest remaining. Hast thou sinned ?
There is a Sacrifice. Lift up thy head,
The lovely world and the over-world alike
Ring with a song eterne, a happy rede,
“ *Thy Father Loves Thee.*”

— JEAN INGELow.

Hymn of Trust

O LOVE Divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On Thee we cast each earth-born care,
We smile at pain while Thou art near !

Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near.

When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near !

On Thee we fling our burdening woe
O Love Divine, forever dear,
Content to suffer while we know
Living and dying Thou art near.

— OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Lead, Kindly Light

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling
gloom,

Lead Thou me on!

The night is dark, and I am far from home,

Lead Thou me on!

Keep thou my feet! I do not ask to see

The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;

I loved to chose and see my path; but now

Lead Thou me on,

I loved the garish day; and spite of fears,

Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still

Will lead me on,

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone:
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

— JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

VII

*God's in His heaven,
All's right with the world.*

— ROBERT BROWNING.

The Kingdom of God

I SAY to thee, do thou repeat
To the first man Thou mayest meet
In lane, highway, or open street :

That he and we, and all men move
Under a canopy of love,
As broad as the blue sky above ;

That doubt and trouble, fear and pain,
And anguish, all are shadows vain,
That death itself shall not remain.

That weary deserts we may tread,
A dreary labyrinth may thread,
Through dark ways underground be led :

Yet if we will our Guide obey,
The dreariest path, the darkest way
Shall issue out in heavenly day.

And we, on divers shores now cast,
Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,
All in our Father's house at last.

— RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

The Love of God

THOU Grace Divine, encircling all,
A soundless, shoreless sea !
Wherein at last our souls must fall,
O Love of God most free !

When over dizzy heights we go,
One soft hand blinds our eyes,
The other leads us safe and slow,
O Love of God most wise !

And though we turn us from Thy face,
And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in Thine embrace,
O Love of God most strong !

The saddened heart, the restless soul,
The toil-worn frame and mind,
Alike confess Thy sweet control,
O Love of God most kind !

But not alone Thy care we claim,
Our wayward steps to win :
We know Thee by a dearer name,
O Love of God within !

And filled and quickened by Thy breath,
Our souls are strong and free,
To rise o'er sin and fear and death,
O Love of God, to Thee !

— ELIZA SCUDDER.

God is Love

I CANNOT always trace the way
Where Thou, Almighty One, dost move,
But I can always, always say,
That God is love.

When fear her chilling mantle throws
O'er earth, my soul to heaven above,
As to her native home, upsprings,
For God is love.

When mystery clouds my darkened path,
I'll check my dread, my doubt reprove;
In this my soul sweet comfort hath,
That God is love.

Yes, God is love, — a thought like this
Can every gloomy thought remove,
And turn all tears, all woes, to bliss,
For God is love.

That which we Dare Invoke to Bless

THAT which we dare invoke to bless ;
Our dearest faith ; our ghastliest doubt ;
He, They, One, All : within, without,
The Power in darkness whom we guess.

I found Him not in world or sun,
Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye ;
Nor thro' the questions men may try,
The petty cobwebs we have spun.

If e'er when faith had fallen asleep,
I heard a voice, " Believe no more,"
And heard an ever breaking shore
That tumbled in the Godless deep.

A warmth within the breast would melt
The freezing reason's colder part,
And like a man in wrath, the heart
Stood up and answer'd, " I have felt."

No, like a child in doubt and fear ;
But that blind clamor made me wise ;
Then was I as a child that cries,
But, crying, knows his father near.

And what I am beheld again
What is, and no man understands :
And out of darkness came the hands
That reach thro' nature moulding men.

— ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

Toward Emmaus

“ **A** JOURNEYING to Emmaus
The grandest Man of men with us —
The Christ of God was then with us,
As we went down to Emmaus.
How burned our hearts upon the way
At every word we heard Him say !
We never may forget the day
We journeyed down to Emmaus ! ”

Oh ! blest disciples — chosen two —
How gladly had we walked with you
And talked of Him, who talked with you
As you went down to Emmaus !
Have touched the hand and found it warm
That raised the dead, and stilled the storm ;
Have worshipped God in human form
As He walked down to Emmaus !

But Jesus walks and talks with men
As perfectly to-day as then,
And hearts burn now as yours burned when
 You walked with Christ to Emmaus !
In starless night or sunless day,
Whoever walks life's weary way,
Forgetting not to watch and pray,
 Is journeying to Emmaus.

—SIMEON TUCKER CLARK.

From "Saul"

I BELIEVE it! 'Tis Thou, God, that givest,
 'tis I who receive :
In the first is the last, in Thy will is my power to
 believe.
All's one gift : Thou canst grant it moreover as
 prompt to my prayer,
As I breathe out this breath, as I open these arms
 to the air.

* * * * * * *

Would I suffer for him that I love ? So wouldst
 Thou — so wilt Thou !
So shall crown Thee the topmost, ineffablest,
 uttermost crown —

And Thy love fill infinitude wholly, nor leave up
nor down
One spot for the creature to stand in! It is by
no breath,
Turn of eye, wave of hand, that salvation joins
issue with death!

As Thy love is discovered almighty, almighty be
proved
Thy power, that exists with and for it, of being
beloved!
He who did most, shall bear most! the strongest
shall stand the most weak.
'Tis the weakness in strength, that I cry for! my
flesh, that I seek
In the Godhead! I seek and I find it. O Saul, it
shall be
A Face like my face that receives thee: a Man
like to me,
Thou shalt love and be loved by, forever: a Hand
like this hand
Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee;
See the Christ stand!

— ROBERT BROWNING.

Battle Hymn of the Republic

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming
of the Lord;

He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes
of wrath are stored.

He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible
swift sword;

His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred
circling camps,

They have builded Him an altar in the evening
dews and damps;

I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and
flaring lamps;

His Day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows
of steel:

As ye deal with My contemners, so with you My
grace shall deal.

Let the Hero born of woman crush the serpent
with His heel,

Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never
call retreat ;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His
judgment seat ;
O, be swift my soul, to answer Him ! be jubilant,
my feet !

Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across
the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you
and me ;
As He died to make men holy let us die to make
men free,

While God is marching on.

— JULIA WARD HOWE.

“ Be Quiet : Fear Not ”

THOU layest Thy hand on the fluttering heart
And sayest, “ Be still ! ”
The silence and shadow are only a part
Of Thy sweet will.
Thy Presence is with me, and where Thou art
I fear no ill.

— FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

Souls of Men why will ye Scatter

SOULS of men ! why will ye scatter
Like a crowd of frightened sheep ?
Foolish hearts ! why will ye wander
From a love so true and deep ?

Was there ever kindest Shepherd
Half so gentle, half so sweet,
As the Saviour who would have us
Come and gather round His feet ?

It is God : His love looks mighty,
But is mightier than it seems :
'Tis our Father : and His fondness
Goes far out beyond our dreams.

There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea ;
There's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty.

There is grace enough for thousands
Of new worlds as great as this ;
There is room for fresh creations
In that upper home of bliss.

For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind ;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

Pining souls ! come nearer Jesus,
And oh ! come not doubting thus,
But with faith that trusts more bravely
His great tenderness for us.

If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word :
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

— FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

Looking unto God

I LOOK to Thee in every need,
And never look in vain ;
I feel Thy touch, Eternal Love,
And all is well again ;
The thought of Thee is mightier far
Than sin and pain and sorrow are.

Discouraged in the work of life
Disheartened by its load,

Shamed by its failures and its fears,
I sink beside the road ; —
But let me only think of Thee
And then new heart springs up in me.

Thy calmness bends serene above
My restlessness to still ;
Around me flows thy quickening life,
To nerve my faltering will
Thy Presence fills my solitude
Thy providence turns all to good.

Embosomed deep in Thy dear love
Held in Thy law, I stand :
Thy hand in all things I behold
And all things in Thy hand ;
Thou ledest me in unsought ways
And turn'st my mourning into praise.

— SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

I DO not see
Why God should e'en permit some things to be,
When He is love ;
But I can see,
Though often dimly through the mystery,
His hand above !

— F. G. BROWNING.

Spinning

LIKE a blind spinner in the sun,
I tread my days ;
I know that all the threads will run
 Appointed ways ;
I know each day will bring its task,
And being blind, no more I ask.

I do not know the use or name
 Of that I spin,
I only know that some one came,
 And laid within
My hand the thread, and said, " Since you
Are blind, but one thing you can do."

Sometimes the threads so rough and fast
 And tangled fly,
I know wild storms are sweeping past,
 And fear that I
Shall fall ; but dare not try to find
A safer place, since I am blind.

I know not why, but I am sure
 That tint and place,

In some great fabric to endure
 Past time and race
My threads will have; so from the first,
Though blind, I never felt accurst.

I think, perhaps, this trust has sprung
 From one short word
Said over me when I was young,—
 So young, I heard
It, knowing not that God's name signed
My brow, and sealed me His, though blind.

But whether this be seal or sign
 Within, without,
It matters not. The bond Divine
 I never doubt.
I know He set me here, and still
And glad, and blind, I wait His will.

But listen, listen, day by day,
 To hear their tread
Who bear the finished web away,
 And cut the thread,
And bring God's message in the sun,
"Thou poor blind spinner, work is done."

— HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

Copyright, 1873, by Roberts Brothers.

Give to the Winds thy Fears

GIVE to the winds thy fears ;
Hope, and be undismayed :
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears ;
God shall lift up thy head,
Through waves, through clouds and storms,
He gently clears the way.
Wait thou His time : so shall the night
Soon end in joyous day.

He everywhere hath sway,
And all things serve His might ;
His every act pure blessing is,
His path unsullied light.
When He makes bare His arm,
What shall His work withstand ?
When He His people's cause defends,
Who, who shall stay His hand ?

Leave to His sovereign will
To choose, and to command ;
With wonder filled, thou then shalt own
How wise, how strong His hand.
Thou comprehend'st Him not ;
Yet earth and heaven tell,

God sits as Sovereign on the throne ;
He ruleth all things well.

Thou seest our weakness, Lord ;
Our hearts are known to Thee,
O lift Thou up the sinking hand ;
Confirm the feeble knee.
Let us, in life and death,
Boldly Thy truth declare ;
And publish with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care.

— PAUL GERHARDT.

The Message of the New Year

I ASKED the New Year for some message
sweet,
Some rule of life with which to guide my feet ;
I asked, and paused : he answered soft and low,
“ God’s will to know.”

“ Will knowledge then suffice, New Year ? ” I
cried ;
And, ere the question into silence died,
The answer came, “ Nay, but remember, too,
God’s will to do.”

Once more I asked, "Is there no more to tell?"
And once again the answer sweetly fell,
"Yes! this one thing, all other things above:
God's will to love."

I will abide in Thine House

AMONG so many can He care?
Can special love be everywhere?
A myriad homes,—a myriad ways,—
And God's eye over every place.

Over: but in? The world is full;
A grand omnipotence must rule;
But is there life that doth abide,
With mine own living, side by side?

So many and so wide abroad,
Can any heart have all of God?
From the great spaces, vague and dim,
May one small household gather Him?

I asked: my soul bethought of this:—
In just that very place of His
Where He hath put and keepeth you,
God hath no other thing to do.

— MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

From "Judith"

"THIS woman walketh in the smile of God!"
"So walk we all," spoke Judith. "Ever-
more

His light envelops us, and only those
Who turn aside their faces droop and die
In utter midnight."

* * * * *

"If we faint we die.

The weak heart builds its palace on the sand,
The flood-tide eats the palace of a fool;
But whoso trusts in God, as Jacob did,
Though suffering greatly even to the end,
Dwells in a citadel upon a rock
That wind, nor wave, nor fire shall topple down."

— THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

The Heavenly Guide

I KNOW not the way I am going
But well do I know my Guide;
With a childlike trust I give my hand
To the mighty Friend by my side.

The only thing that I say to Him,
As He takes it, is, " Hold it fast,
Suffer me not to lose my way,
And bring me home at last."

As when some helpless wanderer,
Alone in an unknown land,
Tells the guide his destined place of rest,
And leaves all else in his hand.
'Tis home, 'tis home that we wish to reach ;
He who guides us may choose the way ;
Little we heed what path we take
If nearer home each day.

The Angelus

TWO peasants, homeward from the fields of toil,
Hear holy music in their hasty quest ;
Their longings leave the sorrows of the soil,
And sweetly wander in the vales of rest.

Not theirs the Knowledge that is guilt and grief,
Not theirs the Doubt that drives their God away ;
Behold in trustfulness of fond Belief,
They bow their heads, and lift their hearts to pray.

— FREEMAN E. MILLER.

The Secret of a Happy Day

I

JUST to let thy Father do
What He will ;
Just to know that He is true,
And be still.
Just to follow hour by hour
As He leadeth :
Just to draw the moment's power
As it needeth,
Just to trust Him, this is all !
Then the day will surely be
Peaceful, whatsoe'er befall,
Bright and blessed, calm and free.

II

Just to let Him speak to thee
Through His word,
Watching that His voice may be
Clearly heard.
Just to tell Him everything
As it rises,
And at once to Him to bring
All surprises.

Just to listen, and to stay
Where you cannot miss His voice.
This is all ! and thus to-day,
Communing, you shall rejoice.

III

Just to ask Him what to do
All the day,
And to make you quick and true
To obey.
Just to know the needed grace
He bestoweth,
Every bar of time and place
Overfloweth.
Just to take thy orders straight
From the Master's own command !
Blessèd day ! when thus we wait
Always at our Sovereign's hand.

IV

Just to recollect His love
Always true ;
Always shining from above,
Always new.
Just to recognize its light

All-enfolding ;
Just to claim its present might,
All-upholding.
Just to know it as thine own,
That no power can take away,
Is not this enough alone
For the gladness of the day ?

v

Just to trust, and yet to ask
Guidance still ;
Take the training, or the task,
As He will.
Just to take the loss or gain,
As He sends it ;
Just to take the joy or pain,
As He lends it.
He who formed thee for His praise
Will not miss the gracious aim ;
So to-day and all thy days
Shall be moulded for the same.

vi

Just to leave in His dear hand
Little things,
All we cannot understand,

All that stings !
Just to let Him take the care
Sorely pressing,
Finding all we let Him bear
Changed to blessing,
This is all ! and yet the way
Marked by Him who loves thee best !
Secret of a happy day,
Secret of His promised rest.

— FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

The Higher Pantheism

THE sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the
hills, and the plains —
Are not these, O Soul, the vision of Him who
reigns ?

Is not the vision He ? tho' He be not that which
He seems ?

Dreams are true while they last, and do we not
live in dreams ?

Earth, these solid stars, this weight of body and
limb,
Are they not sign and symbol of thy division from
Him ?

Dark is the world to thee : thyself art the reason
why,
For is He not all but thou, that hast power to feel,
“ I am I ” ?

Glory about thee, without thee, and thou fulfillest
thy doom,
Making Him broken gleams, and a stifled splendor
and gloom.

Speak to Him, thou, for He hears, and spirit with
spirit can meet —
Closer is He than breathing and nearer than hands
and feet.

God is law, say the wise : O Soul and let us
rejoice,
For if He thunder by law, the thunder is yet His
voice.

Law is God, say some : no God at all, says the
fool ;
For all we have power to see is a straight staff bent
in a pool ;

And the ear of man cannot hear, and the eye of
man cannot see ;

But if we could see and hear, this vision, were it
not He?

— ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

The Will of God

I WORSHIP thee, sweet will of God!
And all thy ways adore;
And every day I live, I seem
To love Thee more and more.

When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison-walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to Thee.

He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost:
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill:
And all is right that seems most wrong
If it be His sweet will.

— FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

The Love of God

LIKE a cradle, rocking, rocking,
Silent, peaceful, to and fro, —
Like a mother's sweet looks dropping
On the little face below, —
Hangs the green earth, swinging, turning,
Jarless, noiseless, safe, and slow :
Falls the light of God's face, bending
Down and watching us below.

And as feeble babes that suffer
Toss and cry, and will not rest
Are the ones the tender mother
Holds the closest, loves the best ;
So when we are weak and wretched,
By our sins weighed down, distressed,
Then it is that God's great patience
Holds us closest, loves us best.

O great Heart of God ! whose loving
Cannot hindered be nor crossed ;
Will not weary, will not even
In our death itself be lost —
Love divine ! of such great loving
Only mothers know the cost, —

Cost of love which all love passing
Gave a Son to save the lost.

— SAXE HOLM.

His Banner over Me

SURROUNDED by unnumber'd foes
Against my soul the battle goes !
Yet tho' I weary, sore distress'd
I know that I shall reach my rest :
I lift my tearful eyes above, —
His banner over me is love.

Its sword my spirit will not yield,
Though flesh may faint upon the field,
He waves before my fading sight
The branch of palm, — the crown of light ;
I lift my brightening eyes above,
His banner over me is love.

My cloud of battle-dust may dim,
His veil of splendor curtain Him,
And in the midnight of my fear
I may not feel Him standing near,
But as I lift mine eyes above,
His banner over me is love.

— GERALD MASSEY.

The Tapestry Weavers

LET us take to our hearts a lesson — no lesson
can braver be —
From the ways of the tapestry weavers on the other
side of the sea.

Above their heads the pattern hangs ; they study it
with care,
The while their fingers deftly move, their eyes are
fastened there.

They tell this curious thing beside, of the patient,
plodding weaver :
He works on the wrong side evermore ; but works
for the right side ever.

It is only when the weaving stops, and the web is
loosed and turned,
That he sees his real handiwork, that his marvellous
skill has learned.

Ah ! the sight of its delicate beauty, it pays him
for all his cost ;
No rarer, daintier work than his was ever done by
the frost !

Then the master bringeth him golden hire, and
giveth him praise as well,
And how happy the heart of the weaver is, no
tongue but his own can tell.

The years of man are the looms of God, let down
from the place of the sun.

Wherein we are ever weaving, till the mystic web
is done.

Weaving blindly, but weaving surely each for him-
self his fate,

We may not see how the right side looks; we can
only weave, and wait.

But looking above for the pattern, no weaver hath
need to fear;

Only let him look clear into Heaven, — The Per-
fect Pattern is there.

If he keep the face of the Saviour forever and
always in sight,

His toil shall be sweeter than honey, and his weav-
ing sure to be right.

And when his task is ended, and the web is turned
and shown,

He shall hear the voice of the Master : it shall say
to him, " Well done ! "

And the white-winged angels of Heaven to bear
him thence shall come down,
And God shall give him gold for his hire — not
coin, but a glowing crown.

— ANSON G. CHESTER.

Hold Thou Me

I LEAN upon no broken reed,
Nor trust an untried guide ;
I know Him, and He knoweth me :
He walketh by my side.

I hold His hand as on we walk,
And He still holdeth mine ;
It is a human hand I hold —
It is a hand divine.

" Hold Thou me up," is still my cry,
As o'er the rugged road
Of this my pilgrimage, I move,
That leads me nearer God.

— HORATIUS BONAR.

Close at Hand

THE day is long, and the day is hard;
We are tired of the march and of keeping
guard ;

Tired of the sense of a fight to be won,
Of days to live through, and of work to be done,
Tired of ourselves, and of being alone.

And all the while did we only see,
We walk in the Lord's own company ;
We fight, but 'tis He who nerves our arm,
He turns the arrows which else might harm,
And out of the storm He brings a calm.

The work which we count so hard to do,
He makes it easy, for He works too ;
The days that are long to live are His
A bit of His bright eternities,
And close to our need His helping is.

O eyes that were holden and blinded quite,
And caught no glimpse of the guiding light !
O deaf, deaf ears, which did not hear
The heavenly garment trailing near !
O faithless heart which dared to fear !

— SUSAN COOLIDGE.

Copyright, 1889, by Roberts Brothers.

Light shall be at Eventide

KEEP me very near to Jesus
Tho' beneath His cross it be ;
In this world of evil-doing
 'Tis the cross that cleanseth me.
Should there come distress and darkness,
 Let this hope with me abide ;
After all the gloom and sorrow,
 Light shall be at eventide.

Bring to mind my past experience,
 That shall take my fears away ;
For Thy goodness and Thy mercy
 Shall be mine till close of day.
Thro' the tears, the clouds, the tempest,
 Shine on me, O Crucified !
There's a promise in God's rainbow —
 Light shall be at eventide.

Lead me onward, to the future,
 Where I fear one step to move ;
Still the love of God will keep me —
 Love beyond a mother's love.
Calvary has said sufficient —
 Hear them sing on yonder side ;

Though the Cross stand in the pathway,
Light shall be at eventide.

— DR. HEBER EVANS.

Daily Strength

“ **A**S thy day thy strength shall be ! ”
This should be enough for thee ;
He who knows thy frame will spare
Burdens more than thou canst bear.

When thy days are veiled in night,
Christ shall give thee heavenly light ;
Seem they wearisome and long,
Yet in Him thou shalt be strong.

Cold and wintry though they prove,
Thine the sunshine of His love ;
Or, with fervid heat oppressed,
In His shadow thou shalt rest.

When thy days on earth are past,
Christ shall call thee home at last,
His redeeming love to praise,
Who hath strengthened all thy days.

— FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

His Care

GOD holds the key of all unknown
And I am glad;
If other hands should hold the key,
Or if He trusted it to me,
I might be sad.

What if to-morrow's cares were here,
Without its rest?
I'd rather He unlock the day,
And, as the hours swing open, say,
"Thy will is best."

I cannot read His future plan,
But this I know,—
I have the smiling of His face,
And all the refuge of His grace,
While here below.

Enough; this covers all my want,
And so I rest,
For what I cannot, He can see,
And in His care I sure shall be
Forever blest.

— JOHN PARKER.

The Lord is my Shepherd

THE King of Love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never ;
I nothing lack if I am His,
And He is mine forever.

Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulders gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me :
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

Thou spread'st a table in my sight :
Thy unction grace bestoweth ;
And oh, what transports of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth !

And so through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never :
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house forever.

— H. W. BAKER.

VIII

*Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life exempt from public haunt
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running
 brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.*

— WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

The Potter's Wheel

AY, note that Potter's wheel,
That metaphor! and feel
Why time spins fast, why passive lies our clay, —
Thou, to whom fools propound,
When the wine makes its round,
"Since life fleets, all is change; the past gone,
seize to-day!"

Fool! All that is, at all,
Lasts ever, past recall;
Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure;
What entered into thee,
That was, is, and shall be;
Time's wheel runs back or stops: Potter and clay
endure.

He fix'd thee mid this dance
Of plastic circumstance,
This Present, thou forsooth would fain arrest;
Machinery just meant
To give thy soul its bent,
Try thee and send thee forth, sufficiently impressed.

What though the earlier grooves
Which ran the laughing loves
Around thy base, no longer pause and press?
What though, about thy rim,
Skull-things in order grim
Grow out, in graver mood, obey the sterner stress?

Look not thou down but up!
To uses of a cup,
The festal board, lamp's flash, and trumpet's peal,
The new wine's foaming flow,
The Master's lips aglow!
Thou, heaven's consummate cup, what needst thou
with earth's wheel?

But I need, now as then,
Thou, God, who moulded men!
And since not even while the whirl was worst,
Did I, — to the wheel of life
With shapes and colors rife,
Bound dizzily, — mistake my end, to slake Thy
thirst:

So, take and use Thy work,
Amend what flaws may lurk
What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the
aim!

My times be in Thy hand
Perfect the cup as planned !
Let age approve of youth, and death complete the
same !

— ROBERT BROWNING.

The Christening

I SAW the consecrated water fall,
Unconscious boy, upon thy upturned brow;
I saw the solemn rite, I heard the vow
That swore to shelter thee from this world's
thrall,
And aught of sin that might thy life engall.
E'en while the vow was uttered, saw I Care,
And Sorrow with their thorn-embroidered pall,
And siren-faced Temptation gathering there.
They said : " Though ye may love and guard this
child,
Who is of earth must share of earthly dross ;
Ye cannot keep him pure and undefiled.
Through us o'er trial he must triumph win ;
We sign him with the sign of life's great cross,
That knowing evil, he may shrink from sin."

— MARY ASHLEY TOWNSEND.

The Master's Touch

IN the still air the music lies unheard
In the rough marble beauty lies unseen ;
To wake the music and the beauty needs
The master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen.

Great Master, touch us with Thy skilful hand,
Let not the music that is in us die ;
Great Sculptor, hew and polish us ; nor let
Hidden and lost Thy form within us lie.

Spare not the stroke : do with us as Thou wilt ;
Let there be naught unfinished, broken, marr'd ;
Complete Thy purpose, that we may become
Thy perfect image, O our God and Lord.

— HORATIUS BONAR.

Submission

ICANNOT count the ways my soul has tried
To slip the leash of God's redeeming grace ;
Nor measure His long suffering, nor trace
His ways to hold me close unto His side,
By tender calls, by warnings amplified
By sharp rebuke, by threatening to abase,

By chastenings oft, which time cannot efface,
By scourgings with fierce thongs of fire applied,
Thus hath the Lord made effort for my life,
And never for one moment loosed His hold ;
And now with broken heart, worn out by strife,
I lay myself down at His feet controlled.
And, through glad tears that will not cease to
flow,
I thank my Father that He loved me so.

— LYMAN WHITNEY ALLEN.

THE best of earth shall still remain,
And heaven's eternal years shall prove
That life, and death, and joy, and pain,
Are ministers of Love.

— JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

AH, me ! how dark the discipline of pain,
Were not the suffering followed by the sense
Of infinite rest and infinite release !
This is our consolation ; and again
A great soul cries to us in our suspense ;
“ I came from martyrdom into this peace.”

— HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

In the Crucible

OUT from the mine and the darkness
Out from the damp and the mould ;
Out from the fiery furnace,
Cometh each grain of gold :
Crushed into atoms and levelled
Down to the humblest dust,
With never a heart to pity,
With never a hand to trust.

Molten and hammered and beaten,
Seemeth it ne'er to be done.
O, for such fiery trial,
What hath the poor gold done.
Oh ! 'twere a mercy to leave it
Down in the damp and the mould,
If this is the glory of living
Better be dross than gold.

Under the press and the roller,
Into the jaws of the mint ;
Stamped with the emblem of freedom,
With never a flaw or dint.
Oh, what a joy the refining !

Out from the damp and the mould
And stamped with a glorious image
Oh ! beautiful coin of gold.

Say not the Struggle Naught Availeth

SAY not, the struggle naught availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been, things remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars ;
It may be in yon smoke conceal'd
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light ;
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look the land is bright.

— ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

The Way of the Cross

WE may scatter our couch with roses,
And sleep through the summer day,
But the soul that in sloth reposes
Is not in the narrow way.
If we follow the chart that is given,
We never need be at a loss ;
For the only way to heaven
Is the royal way of the Cross.

To him who is reared in splendor
The Cross is a heavy load ;
And the feet that are soft and tender
Will shrink from the thorny road ;
But the bonds of the soul must be riven,
And gold must be held as dross ;
For the only way to heaven
Is the royal way of the Cross.

We say we will walk to-morrow
The path we refuse to-day,
And still, with our lukewarm sorrow,
We shrink from the narrow way.
What heeded the chosen eleven

How the fortunes of life might toss,
As they followed their Master to heaven
By the royal way of the Cross.

— ELLEN CLEMANTINE HOWARTH.

Cleansing Fires

LET thy gold be cast in the furnace,
Thy red gold, precious and bright ;
Do not fear the hungry fire,
With its caverns of burning light ;
And thy gold shall return more precious,
Free from every spot and stain ;
For gold must be tried by fire,
As a heart must be tried by pain.

In the cruel fire of sorrow
Cast thy heart, do not faint or wail ;
Let thy hand be firm and steady,
Do not let thy spirit quail :
But wait till the trial is over,
And take thy heart again ;
For as gold is tried by fire,
So a heart must be tried by pain.

I shall know by the gleam and glitter
Of the golden chain you wear,
By your heart's calm strength in loving,
Of the fire they have had to bear.
Beat on true heart forever ;
Shine bright, strong golden chain,
And bless the cleansing fire,
And the furnace of living pain.

— ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

Chosen Lessons

IN the way that He shall choose
He will teach us ;
Not a lesson we shall lose,
All shall reach us.

Strange and difficult indeed
We may find it,
But the blessing that we need
Is behind it.

All the lessons He shall send
Are the sweetest,
And His training, in the end
Is completest.

— FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

Sometime

SOMETIME, when all life's lessons have been
learned,

And sun and stars forevermore have set,
The things which our weak judgments here have
spurned,

The things o'er which we grieved with lashes
wet,

Will flash before us out of life's dark night,

As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue ;
And we shall see how all God's plans are right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most
true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me, —
How, when we called, He heeded not our cry,
Because His wisdom to the end could see.

And even as wise parents disallow

Too much of sweet to craving babyhood, —
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And if sometimes, commingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,

Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this potion for our lips to drink.
And if some friend you love is lying low,
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,
Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace !

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends His friend ;
And that sometimes the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon His love can send.
If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within, and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key !

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart !
God's plans like lilies pure and white unfold ;
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart,—
Time will reveal the chalices of gold.
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loosed, may rest,
When we shall clearly see and understand,
I think that we will say, "God knew the best !"

— MAY RILEY SMITH.

From "Bitter-Sweet"

I ASK

What He would have this evil do for me?
What is its mission? what its ministry?
What golden fruit lies hidden in its husk?
How shall it nurse my virtue, nerve my will,
Chasten my passions, purify my love,
And make me in some goodly sense like Him
Who bore the cross of evil while He lived,
Who hung and bled upon it when He died,
And now, in glory, wears the victor's crown?

— JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

From "Compensation"

AND after He has come to hide
Our lambs upon the other side,
We know our Shepherd and our Guide.

And thus, by ways not understood,
Out of each dark vicissitude,
God brings us compensating good.

For Faith is perfected by fears,
And souls renew their youth with years,
And Love looks into heaven through tears.

— PHŒBE CARY.

Suffering

O LIFE, O death, O world, O time,
O grave, where all things flow.
'Tis yours to make our lot sublime
With your great weight of woe.

Though sharpest anguish hearts may wring,
Though bosoms torn may be,
Yet suffering is a holy thing ;
Without it what are we ?

— RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

A GOOD man suffers but to gain
And every virtue springs from pain ;
As aromatic plants bestow
No spicy fragrance while they grow ;
But crushed or trodden to the ground,
Diffuse their balmy sweets around.

— OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Father of All! in Death's Relentless Claim

FATHER of all! in death's relentless claim
We read Thy mercy by its sterner name :
In the bright flower that decks the solemn bier
We see Thy glory in its narrowed sphere ;
In the deep lessons that affliction draws,
We trace the curves of Thy encircling laws ;
In the long sigh that sets our spirits free,
We own the love that calls us back to Thee.

— OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Eucharist of Affliction

ABOVE the seas of gold and glass
The Christ, transfigured, stands to-day,
Below in troubled currents, pass
The tidal fates of man away.

Through that environed blessedness
Our sorrow cannot wholly rise,
Nor His swift sympathy redress
The anguish that in nature lies.

Yet mindful, from His banquet sends
The guest of God a cup of wine.
And shares a morsel with His friends
Who wondering, wait without the shrine.

— JULIA WARD HOWE.

“WELL I know thy trouble.
O My servant true ;
Thou art very weary,
I was weary too ;
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all Mine own,
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near My throne.”

— JOHN MASON NEALE.

Mater Dolorosa

BECAUSE of one dear infant head
With golden hair,
To me all little heads
A halo wear.
And for one saintly face I knew
All babes are fair.

Because of two wide, earnest eyes
 Of heavenly blue,
Which looked with yearning gaze
 My sad soul through,
All eyes now fill mine own with tears
 Whate'er their hue.

Because of little death-marked lips
 Which once did call
My name in plaintive tones,
 No voices fall
Upon my ear in vain appeal
 From children small.

Two little hands held in my own,
 Long, long, ago,
Now cause me, as I wander through
 This world of woe,
To clasp each baby-hand stretched out
 In fear of foe;
The lowest cannot plead in vain,
 I loved *him* so.

— C. C. HAHN.

From "The Ordeal by Fire"

THOU who dost feel life's vessel strand
Full length upon the shifting sand,
And hearest breakers close at hand,

Be strong and wait ! nor let the strife
With which the winds and waves are rife
Disturb that sacred inner life ;

Anon thou shalt regain the shore,
And walk — though naked, maimed, and sore —
A nobler being than before !

No lesser grief shall work thee ill ;
No malice shall have power to kill :
Of woes thy soul hath drunk its fill.

Tempests, that beat us to the clay,
Drive many a lowering cloud away,
And bring a clearer, holier day.

The fire that every hope consumes,
Either the inmost soul entombs,
Or evermore the face illumines.

Robes of asbestos do we wear ;

Before the memories we bear
The flames leap backward everywhere.

— EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

'Tis Sorrow builds the Shining Ladder up

'TIS sorrow builds the shining ladder up,
Whose golden rounds are our calamities,
Whereon our firm feet planting, nearer God
The spirit climbs, and hath its eyes unsealed.

True is it that Death's face seems stern and cold,
When he is sent to summon those we love,
But all God's angels come to us disguised.
Sorrow and sickness, poverty and death,
One after other lift their frowning masks,
And we behold the seraph's face beneath,
All radiant with the glory and the calm
Of having looked upon the front of God.
With every anguish of our earthly part
The spirit's sight path grows clearer; this was meant
When Jesus touched the blind man's lids with clay.
Life is the jailer, Death the angel sent
To draw the unwilling bolts and set us free.

— JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

If thou couldst Know

I THINK if thou couldst know,
O soul, that will complain,
What lies concealed below
Our burden and our pain,
How just our anguish brings
Nearer those longed-for things
We seek for now in vain,
I think thou wouldst rejoice and not complain.

I think if thou couldst see,
With thy dim mortal sight,
How meanings dark to thee
Are shadows hiding light;
Truth's efforts crossed and vexed,
Life's purpose all perplexed, —
If thou couldst see them right,
I think that they would seem all clear and wise and
bright.

And yet thou canst not know,
And yet thou canst not see;
Wisdom and sight are slow
In poor humanity.

If thou couldst *trust*, poor soul,
In Him who rules the whole,
Thou wouldst find peace and rest.
Wisdom and sight are well, but trust is best.

—ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

Sorrow

COUNT each affliction, whether light or
grave
God's messenger sent down to thee. Do thou
With courtesy receive him ; rise and bow
And ere his shadow pass thy threshold, crave
Permission first his heavenly feet to lave ;
Then lay before him all thou hast. Allow
No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow
Or mar thy hospitality ; no wave
Of mortal tumult to obliterate
The soul's marmoreal calmness. Grief should be,
Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate,
Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free ;
Strong to consume small troubles ; to commend
Grave thoughts, great thoughts, thoughts lasting
to the end.

—AUBREY THOMAS DE VERE.

Rich in the Lord

GOD draws a cloud over each gleaming morn,—
Would you ask why?
It is because all noblest things are born
In agony.

Only upon some cross of pain and woe
God's Son may lie;
Each soul redeemed from self and sin, must know
Its Calvary.

Yet we should crave neither for joy nor grief:
God chooses best;
He only knows our sick soul's best relief,
And gives us rest.

More than our feeble hearts can ever pine
For holiness,
That Father, in His tenderness divine
Yearneth to bless.

He never sends a joy not meant in love,
Still less a pain;
Our gratitude the sunlight falls to prove,
Our faith, the rain.

In His hands we are safe. We falter on
Through storm and mire;
Above, beside, around us there is One
Will never tire.

What though we fall and bruised and wounded lie,
Our lips in dust,
God's arm shall lift us up to victory
In Him we trust.

For neither life, nor death, nor things below,
Nor things above,
Shall ever sever us, that we should go
From His great love.

—FRANCES POWER COBBE.

What Man is there of You?

THE homely words, how often read!
How seldom fully known!
Which father of you, asked for bread,
Would give his child a stone?

How oft has bitter tear been shed,
And heaved how many a groan,

Because Thou wouldst not give for bread
The thing that was a stone !

How oft the child Thou wouldst have fed
Thy gifts away has thrown !
He prayed, Thou heardst and gav'st the bread
He cried — It is a stone !

Lord, if I ask in doubt and dread
Lest I be left to moan —
I am the man who, asked for bread,
Would give his son a stone.

— GEORGE MACDONALD.

Source of my Life

SOURCE of my life's refreshing springs,
Whose presence in my heart sustains me,
Thy love appoints me pleasant things,
Thy mercy orders all that pains me.

If loving hearts were never lonely,
If all they wish might always be,
Accepting what they look for only,
They might be glad, but not in Thee.

Well may Thy own beloved, who see
In all their lot their Father's pleasure,
Bear loss of all they love, save Thee,
Their living, everlasting treasure.

Well may Thy happy children cease
From restless wishes prone to sin ;
And, in Thy own exceeding peace
Yield to Thy daily discipline.

We need as much the cross we bear,
As air we breathe, as light we see ;
It draws us to Thy side in prayer,
It binds us to our strength in Thee.

— ANNA LÆTITIA WARING.

Sorrow

UPON my lips she laid her touch divine,
And merry speech and careless laughter died ;
She fixed her melancholy eyes on mine,
And would not be denied.

I saw the west wind loose his cloudlets white
In flocks, careering through the April sky ;
I could not sing, though joy was at its height,
For she stood silent by.

I watched the lovely evening fade away :

A mist was lightly drawn across the stars ;
She broke my quiet dream, I heard her say :

“ Behold your prison bars !

“ Earth’s gladness shall not satisfy your soul,
This beauty of the world in which you live ;
The crowning grace that sanctifies the whole,
That, I alone can give.”

I heard and shrank away from her afraid ;
But still she held me and would still abide ;
Youth’s bounding pulses slackened and obeyed,
With slowly ebbing tide.

“ Look thou beyond the evening star,” she said,
“ Beyond the changing splendors of the day ;
Accept the pain, the weariness, the dread,
Accept and bid me stay ! ”

I turned and clasped her close with sudden strength,
And slowly, sweetly, I became aware
Within my arms God’s angel stood at length,
White-robed and calm and fair.

And now I look beyond the evening star,
Beyond the changing splendors of the day,

Knowing the pain He sends more precious far,
More beautiful, than they.

— CELIA THAXTER.

The Path of Sorrow

THE path of sorrow, and that path alone
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown,
No traveller e'er reached that blest abode,
Who found not thorns and briers in the road.
Worldlings may dance along the flowery plain,
Cheer'd as they go by many a sprightly strain;
Where nature has her mossy velvet spread,
With unshod feet, they yet securely tread;
Admonished, scorn the caution and the friend,
Bent on all pleasure, heedless of its end;
But He Who knew what human hearts would
 prove,
How slow to learn the dictates of His love,
That, hard by nature, and of stubborn will
A life of ease would make them harder still,
In pity to the souls His grace designed
To rescue from the ruins of mankind,
Called for a cloud to darken all their years,
And said, "Go spend them in the vale of tears."

— WILLIAM COWPER.

Is it Raining ?

- **I**S it raining, little flower ?
 Be glad of rain.

Too much sun would wither thee ;
 'Twill shine again.
The sky is very black, 'tis true,
But just behind it shines the blue.

Art thou weary, tender heart ?
 Be glad of pain.
In sorrow sweetest things will grow,
 As flowers in rain.
God watches, and thou wilt have sun
When clouds their perfect work have done.

— MARY FRANCES BUTTS.

Sorrows humanize our Race

SORROWS humanize our race ;
Tears are the showers that fertilize this world :
And memory of things precious keepeth warm
The heart that once did hold them.

They are poor
That have lost nothing : they are poorer far
Who, losing, have forgotten : they most poor
Of all, who lose and wish they might forget.
For life is one, and in its warp and woof
There runs a thread of gold that glitters fair,
And sometimes in the pattern shows most sweet
Where there are sombre colors. It is true
That we have wept. But O, this thread of gold,
We would not have it tarnish : let us turn
Oft and look back upon the wondrous web,
And when it shineth sometimes we shall know
That memory is possession.

— JEAN INGELow.

IX

*An easy thing, O Power Divine,
To thank Thee for these gifts of Thine,
For summer's sunshine, winter's snow,
The hearts that burn, the thoughts that glow ;
But when shall I attain to this,
To thank Thee for the things I miss ?*

A Thanksgiving Prayer

FOR toil that is a medicine for woe,
For strength that grows with every lifted cross,
For thorns, since with each thorn a rose did grow,
For gain that I have wrongly reckoned loss,
For ignorance, where it were harm to know, —
Teach me to thank Thee, Lord.

For cups of honeyed pleasure Thou didst spill
Before their foam had quenched my purer sense ;
For that my soul has power to struggle still,
Though panting in the trappings of pretence ;
And for mistakes that saved from greater ill, —
Teach me to thank Thee, Lord.

That thou dost ravel out the tinselled thread
Of my poor work I thought so bravely done ;
That Thou dost show me every flimsy shred
In the thin coat of honor I have spun,
And pluck'st the slender garland from my head, —
Teach me to thank Thee, Lord.

For ills averted, all unseen by me,
For darkened days that healed my dazzled eyes,

For suffering, which brought a company
Of gentle ministers, in stern disguise;
For weariness, which made me lean on Thee, —
Teach me to thank Thee, Lord.

For chalices of tears that thou dost pour,
For unrequited love and wounded pride;
If they but tempt my lonesome heart the more
To seek the faithful shelter of Thy side;
For homelessness, which drives me to Thy door, —
Teach me to thank Thee, Lord.

— MAY RILEY SMITH.

Hymn for Thanksgiving

FOR bud and for bloom and for balm-laden
breeze,

For the singing of birds from the hills to the seas,
For the beauty of dawn and the brightness of
noon,

For the light in the night of the stars and the
moon,

We praise Thee, gracious God.

For the sun-ripened fruit and the billowy grain,
For the orange and apple, the corn and the cane,

For the bountiful harvest now gathered and stored,
That by Thee in the lap of the nations were
poured,

We praise Thee, gracious God.

For the blessing of friends, for the old and the new,
For the hearts that are trusted and trusting and true,
For the tones that we love, for the light of the eye
That warms with a welcome and glooms with
good-by,

We praise Thee, gracious God.

That the desolate poor may find shelter and bread,
That the sick may be comforted, nourished, and
fed,

That the sorrow may cease of the sighing and sad,
That the spirit bowed down may be lifted and glad,

We pray Thee, pitying Lord.

That brother the hand of his brother may clasp,
From ocean to ocean in friendliest grasp,
That for north and for south and for east and for
west

The horror of war be forever at rest,

We pray Thee, pitying Lord.

For the blessings of earth and of air and of sky
That fall on us all from the Father on high,
For the crown of all blessing since blessing begun,
For the gift, "the unspeakable gift," of Thy Son,
We praise Thee, gracious God.

— S. E. ADAMS.

A Woman's Conclusions

I SAID, if I might go back again
To the very hour and place of my birth;
Might have my life whatever I chose,
And live it in any part of the earth;

Put perfect sunshine into my sky,
Banish the shadow of sorrow and doubt;
Have all my happiness multiplied,
And all my suffering stricken out;

If I could have known in the years now gone
The best that a woman comes to know;
Could have had whatever will make her best,
Or whatever she thinks will make her so;

Have found the highest and purest bliss
That the bridal-wreath and ring enclose;

And gained the one out of all the world,
That my heart as well as my reason chose ;

And if this had been, and I stood to-night
By my children, lying asleep in their beds
And could count in my prayers, for a rosary,
The shining row of their golden heads ;

Yea ! I said, if a miracle such as this
Could be wrought for me at my bidding, still
I would choose to have my past as it is,
And to let my future come as it will !

I would not make the path I have trod
More pleasant or even, more straight or wide ;
Nor change my course the breadth of a hair,
This way or that way, to either side.

My past is mine, and I take it all :
Its weakness — its folly, if you please ;
Nay, even my sins, if you come to that,
May have been my helps, not hindrances !

If I saved my body from the flames
Because that once I had burned my hand ;

Or kept myself from a greater sin
By doing a less — you will understand ;

It was better I suffered a little pain,
Better I sinned for a little time,
If the smarting warned me back from death,
And the sting of sin withheld from crime.

Who knows his strength by trial, will know
What strength must be set against a sin ;
And how temptation is overcome
He has learned, who has felt its power within !

And who knows how a life at the last may show ?
Why, look at the moon from where we stand !
Opaque, uneven, you say ; yet it shines,
A luminous sphere complete and grand !

So let my past stand just as it stands,
And let me now, as I may, grow old ;
I am what I am, and my life for me
Is the best — or it had not been, I hold.

— PHŒBE CARY.

Between the Lights

A LITTLE pause in life — while daylight
lingers

Between the sunset and the pale moonrise ;
When daily labor slips from weary fingers,
And soft, gray shadows veil the aching eyes.

Old perfumes wander back from fields of clover,
Seen in the light of stars that long have set ;
Beloved ones, whose earthly toil is over
Draw near, as if they lived among us yet.

Old voices call me, — through the dusk returning
I hear the echo of departed feet ;
And then I ask, with vain and troubled yearning,
“What is the charm which makes old things so
sweet ?”

“Must the old joys be evermore withholden ?”
Even their memory keeps me pure and true ;
And yet from our Jerusalem the Golden
God speaketh, saying, “I make all things
new.”

“Father,” I cry, “the old must still be nearer,
Stifle my love or give me back the past ;

Give me the fair old fields, whose paths are dearer
Than all Thy shining streets and mansions
vast."

Peace! Peace! the Lord of earth and heaven
knoweth

The human soul in all its heat and strife,
Out of His throne no stream of Lethe floweth
But the pure river of eternal life.

He giveth life, ay, life in all its sweetness;
Old loves, old sunny scenes will He restore;
Only the curse of sin and incompleteness
Shall vex thy soul and taint thine earth no more.

Serve Him in daily toil and holy living
And Faith shall lift thee to His sunlit heights;
Then shall a psalm of gladness and thanksgiving
Fill the calm hour that comes between the
lights.

A Little Hand

PERHAPS there are tenderer, sweeter things
Somewhere in the sun-bright land;

But I thank the Lord for His blessings
And the clasp of a little hand.

A little hand that softly stole
Into my own that day ;
When I needed the touch that I loved so much
To strengthen me on the way.

Softer it seemed than the softest down
On the breast of the gentlest dove ;
But its timid press and its faint caress
Were strong in the strength of love !

It seemed to say in a strange sweet way,
“ I love you and understand,”
And calmed my fears as my hot heart-tears
Fell over that little hand.

Perhaps there are tenderer, sweeter things
Somewhere in the sun-bright land ;
But I thank the Lord for His blessings,
And the clasp of a little hand.

— FRANK L. STANTON.

From "Das Krist Kindel"

BY the splendor in the heavens and the hush
upon the sea,
And the majesty of silence reigning over Galilee,
We feel Thy kingly Presence, and we humbly bow
the knee,
And lift our hearts and voices in gratefulness to
Thee.

Thy messenger has spoken and our doubts have
fled and gone
As the dark and spectral shadows of the night
before the dawn.
And, in the kindly shelter of the light around us
drawn,
We would nestle down forever in the breast we
lean upon.

You have given us a Shepherd — You have given
us a Guide,
And the light of Heaven grew dimmer when you
sent Him from your side;
But He comes to lead Thy children where the
gates will open wide,
To welcome His returning when His works are
glorified.

By the splendor in the Heavens, and the hush upon
the sea
And the majesty of silence reigning over Galilee,
We feel Thy kingly Presence, and we humbly bow
the knee,
And lift our hearts and voices in gratefulness to
Thee.

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Thanksgiving

L ORD, for the erring thought
Not into evil wrought;
Lord, for the wicked will
Betrayed and baffled still;
For the heart from itself kept
Our thanksgiving accept.

For ignorant hopes that were
Broken to our blind prayer;
For pain, death, sorrow, sent
Unto our chastisement;
For all loss of seeming good
Quicken our gratitude.

—WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

X

*Weep if thou wilt, but weep not all too long :
Or weep and work, for work will lead to song.*

— GEORGE MACDONALD.

Now

RISE ! for the day is passing,
And you lie dreaming on ;
And others have buckled their armor
And forth to the fight have gone.
A place in the ranks awaits you,
Each man has some part to play ;
The Past and the Future are nothing
In the face of the stern To-day.

Rise from your dreams of the Future —
Of gaining some hard-fought field,
Of storming some airy fortress,
Of bidding some giant yield ;
Your future has deeds of glory,
Of honor, (God grant it may !),
But your arm will never be stronger
Or the need so great as To-day.

Rise ! if the Past detains you,
Her sunshine and storms forget,
No chains so unworthy hold you
As those of a vain regret.
Sad or bright she is lifeless ever,
Cast her phantom arms away,

Nor look back save to learn the lesson
Of a nobler strife To-day.

Rise! for the day is passing :
The sound that you scarcely hear
Is the enemy marching to battle —
Arise, for the foe is here !
Stay not to sharpen your weapons,
Or the hour will strike at last,
When from the dreams of a coming battle
You may wake to find it past.

— ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

To-day

TO-DAY

Unsullied, comes to thee, — new born ;
To-morrow is not thine ;
The sun may cease to shine
For thee, ere earth shall greet its morn.

Be earnest, then, in thought and deed,
Nor fear approaching night :
Calm comes with evening light
And hope and peace, — thy duty heed
To-day.

The Unfailing Cruise

IS thy cruise of comfort wasting? Rise and
share it with another;

And through all the years of famine it shall serve
thee and thy brother.

Love divine will fill thy storehouse, or thy hand-
ful still renew;

Scanty fare for one will often make a royal feast
for two.

For the heart grows rich in giving: all its wealth
is living grain;

Seeds which mildew in the garner, scattered, fill
with gold the plain.

Is thy burden hard and heavy? Do thy steps
drag wearily?

Help to bear thy brother's burden: God will
bear both it and thee.

Numb and weary on the mountains, wouldst thou
sleep amidst the snow?

Chafe that frozen form beside thee and together
both shall glow.

Art thou stricken in life's battle? Many wounded
round thee moan,

Lavish on their wounds thy balsams, and that balm
shall heal thine own.

Is thy heart a well left empty? None but God its
void can fill:

Nothing but a ceaseless fountain can its ceaseless
longings still,

Is the heart a living power? Self-entwined its
strength sinks low;

It can only live in loving, and by serving, love
will grow.

—ELIZABETH CHARLES.

Glen Ellis Falls

“Underneath are the Everlasting Arms”

CALLED by a power they must obey,
The waters take their perilous leap;
But every tiniest drop of spray
That power doth keep.

O heart, that shrinkest back appalled,—
So fearful duty's way and steep,—
Know that where'er God's voice hath called
His hand will keep.

—SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

Not Now

NOT now, my child — a little more rough
tossing,

A little longer on the billow's foam ;
A few more journeyings in the desert darkness,
And then the sunshine of thy Father's home !

Not now — for I have wand'ers in the distance
And thou must call them in with patient love,
Not now — for I have sheep upon the mountains
And thou must follow them where'er they rove.

Not now — for I have loved ones sad and weary :
Wilt thou not cheer them with a kindly smile ?
Sick ones who need thee in their lonely sorrow,
Wilt thou not tend them yet a little while ?

Not now — for wounded hearts are sorely bleed-
ing,
And thou must teach those widowed hearts to
sing :
Not now, for orphan's tears are thickly falling,
They must be gathered, neath some sheltering
wing.

Go with the name of Jesus to the dying,
And speak that name in all its living power ;
Why should thy fainting heart grow chill and
weary ?
Canst thou not watch with me one little hour ?

One little hour ! and then the glorious coming,
The golden harp strings, and the victor's palm,
One little hour ! and then the Hallelujah !
Eternity's long, deep thanksgiving psalm.

— MRS. C. PENNEFATHER.

From "The Prisoners of Naples"

NOR lack I friends, long tried and near and dear,
Whose love is round me like this atmosphere,
Warm, soft, and golden. For such gifts to me
What shall I render, O my God, to Thee ?
Let me not dwell upon my lighter share
Of pain and ill that human life must bear ;
Save me from selfish pining : let my heart,
Drawn from itself in sympathy, forget
The bitter longings of a vain regret,
The anguish of its own peculiar smart.
Remembering others, as I have to-day,

In their great sorrows, — let me live away
Not for myself alone, but have a part,
Such as a frail and erring spirit may,
In love which is of Thee, and which indeed Thou
art.

— JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Duty and Fame

MY life was a long dream: when I awoke,
Duty stood like an angel in my path,
And seemed so terrible I could have turned
Into my yesterdays, and wandered back
To distant childhood and gone out to God
By the gate of birth, not death. Lift, lift me up,
By Thy sweet inspiration, as the tide
Lifts up a stranded boat upon the beach!
I will go forth 'mong men not mailed in scorn,
But in the armor of a pure intent.
Great duties are before me, and great songs,
And, whether crowned or crownless when I fall,
It matters not so God's work is done.
I've learned to prize the quiet lightning-deed,
Not the applauding thunder at its heels,
Which men call fame.

— ALEXANDER SMITH.

A Sonnet Sequence

I

GO thou into thy closet, shut thy door,
And pray to Him in secret: He will hear.

But think not thou, by one wild bound, to clear
The numberless ascensions, more and more,
Of starry stairs that must be climbed, before

Thou comest to the Father's likeness near,
And bendest down to kiss the feet so dear
That, step by step, their mounting flights passed o'er.
Be thou content if on thy weary need

There falls a sense of showers and of the spring;
A hope that makes it possible to fling
Sickness aside, and go and do the deed:
For highest aspiration will not lead

Unto the calm beyond all questionings.

II

Hark, hark, a voice amid the quiet intense!

It is thy Duty waiting thee without.

Rise from thy knees in hope, the half of doubt:
A hand doth pull thee — it is Providence;

Open thy door straightway, and get thee hence;

Go forth into the tumult and the shout;

Work, love, with workers, lovers, all about ;
Of noise alone is born the inward sense
Of silence, and from action springs alone
The inward knowledge of true love and faith ;
Then, weary, go thou back with failing breath,
And in thy chamber make thy prayer and moan.
One day upon His bosom, all thine own
Thou shalt lie still, embraced in holy death !

— GEORGE MACDONALD.

We cannot Kindle when we Will

WE cannot kindle when we will
The fire which in the heart resides :
The spirit bloweth and is still,
In mystery our soul abides ;
But tasks in hours of insight will'd
Can be through hours of gloom fulfill'd.

With aching hands and bleeding feet
We dig and heap, lay stone on stone ;
We bear the burden and the heat
Of the long day, and wish 'twere done.
Not till the hours of light return,
All we have built do we discern.

— MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Perseverance

TOIL on, faint not, keep watch and pray :
Be wise the erring soul to win ;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.
Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice ;
For toil comes rest, for exile home,
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice, —
The midnight peal, — Behold, I come.

— HORATIUS BONAR.

The Elixir

TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see,
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee.

All may of Thee partake ;
Nothing can be so mean
Which with His tincture, " For Thy sake,"
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine ;

Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
Makes that and the action fine.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold,
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for less be told.

— GEORGE HERBERT.

Cast thy Bread upon the Waters

OH, be not faithless ! with the morn
Scatter abroad thy grain ;
At noontide, — faint not thou forlorn :
At evening, — sow again !
Blessed are they, whate'er betide,
Who thus all waters sow beside.

Thou knowest not which seed shall grow,
Or which may die or live ;
In faith and hope and patience, sow !
The increase God shall give, —
According to His gracious will,
As best His purpose may fulfil.

— BERNARD BARTON.

Work on Earth

WHY dost thou talk of death, laddie ?
Why dost thou long to go ?
The Master that hath placed thee here
Hath work for thee to do.

Why dost thou talk of heaven, laddie ?
What wouldst thou say in heaven
When the Master asks : " What hast thou done
With the talents I have given ?

" I gave thee wealth and influence,
And the poor around thee spread ;
Where are the sheep and lambs of mine
That thou hast reared and fed ?

" I gave thee wit and eloquence,
Thy brethren to persuade ;
Where are the thousands by thy word
More wise and holy made ?

" I placed thee in a land of light,
Where the Gospel round thee shone ;
Where is the heavenly-mindedness
I find in all my own ?

“And last I sent thee chastisement,
That thou mightest be my son :
Where is the trusting faith that says
‘Father, Thy will be done’ ? ”

— JOHN WILSON.

The Choir Invisible

OH, may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence : live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
Of miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge men’s minds
To vaster issues. So to live is heaven :

* * * * *

May I reach
That purest heaven,—be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,

And in diffusion evermore intense !
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

— GEORGE ELIOT.

Duty

STERN Daughter of the Voice of God !
O Duty ! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove ;
Thou, who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe ;
From vain temptations dost set free ;
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity !

Stern Lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace ;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face :
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
And fragrance in thy footing treads ;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,
And the most ancient Heavens, through Thee are
fresh and strong.

— WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Charity

THE pilgrim and stranger who through the day
Holds over the desert his trackless way,
Where the terrible sands no shade have known,
No sound of life save his camel's moan,
Hears, at last, through the mercy of Allah to all,
From his tent-door at evening the Bedouin's call:
"Whoever thou art whose need is great,
In the name of God, the Compassionate
And Merciful One, for thee I wait!"

For gifts in His name of food and rest
The tents of Islam of God are blest;
Thou who hast faith in the Christ above,
Shall the Koran teach thee the Law of Love? —
O Christian! open thy heart and door,
Cry east and west to the wandering poor:
"Whoever thou art whose need is great,
In the name of Christ, the Compassionate
And Merciful One, for thee I wait!"

— ELIZABETH WHITTIER.

XI

*Jesus calls us: o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild, restless sea,
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, "Christian, follow Me."*

—MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER.

Our Dim Eyes seek a Beacon

OUR dim eyes seek a beacon,
And our weary feet a guide,
And our hearts of all life's mystery
Seek a meaning and a key;
But a cross shines on our pathway,
On it hangs the Crucified,
And He answers all our longings
With the whisper, "Follow Me."

Life is a duty — dare it;
Life is a burden — bear it;
Life is a thorn-crown — wear it;
Though it break thy heart in twain,
Though the burden bear thee down,
Close thy lips and stand the pain,
First the Cross, and then the Crown.

POOR, sad Humanity
Through all the dust and heat
Turns back with bleeding feet,
By the weary road it came,
Unto the simple thought,
By the great Master taught,
And that remaineth still:

Not he that repeateth the name,
But he that doeth the will!

— HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

From “Credo”

CHRIST of Judea, look Thou in my heart :
Do I not love Thee, look to Thee, in Thee
Alone have faith of all the sons of men,
Faith deepening with the weight and woe of years ?

Pure soul and tenderest of all that came
Into this world of sorrow, hear my prayer :
Lead me, yea, lead me deeper into life —
This suffering, human life wherein Thou liv'st
And breath'st still, and hold'st Thy way divine.
'Tis here, O pitying Christ, where Thee I seek,
Here where the strife is fiercest : where the sun
Beats down upon the highway thronged with men,
And in the raging mart. Oh ! deeper lead
My soul into the living world of souls
Where Thou dost move.

But lead me, Man Divine,
Where'er Thou will'st, only that I may find
At the long journey's end Thy image there,

And grow more like to it. For art not Thou
The human shadow of the infinite Love
That made and fills the infinite universe !
The very Word of Him, the unseen, unknown
Eternal God, that rules the summer flower
And all the worlds that people starry space !

— RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

The Watch by Night

THE ark of God is in the field,
Like clouds around the alien armies sweep ;
Each by his spear, beneath his shield
In cold and snow the anointed warriors sleep.

And can it be thou liest awake,
Sworn watchman, tossing on thy couch of down ?
And doth thy recreant heart not ache
To hear the sentries round the leaguer'd town ?

Oh, dream no more of quiet life ;
Care finds the careless out : more wise to vow
Thine heart entire to Faith's pure strife ;
So peace will come, thou knowest not when or
how !

— JOHN KEBLE.

Sympathy

ASK God to give thee skill
In comfort's art,
That thou may'st consecrated be
And set apart
Unto a life of sympathy.
For heavy is the weight of ill
In every heart;
And comforters are needed much
Of Christlike touch.

— ANNA E. HAMILTON.

From "The New England Tragedies"

LET us then labor for an inward stillness,
An inward stillness and an inward healing;
That perfect silence where the lips and heart
Are still, and we no longer entertain
Our own imperfect thoughts and vain opinions,
But God alone speaks in us, and we wait
In singleness of heart, that we may know
His will, and in the silence of our spirits,
That we may do His will and do that only!

— HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Consecration Hymn

TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.

Take my moments and my days ;
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.

Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.

Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

Take my silver and my gold ;
Not a mite would I withhold.

Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

Take my will, and make it Thine ;
It shall be no longer mine.

Take my heart, it is Thine own ;
It shall be Thy royal throne.

Take my love ; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store.

Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

— FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

None of Self and All of Thee

O H, the bitter pain and sorrow
That a time could ever be,
When I proudly said to Jesus,
“ All of self, and none of Thee.”

Yet He found me : I beheld Him
Bleeding on th' accursed tree ;
And my wistful heart said faintly,
“ Some of self, and some of Thee.”

Day by day His tender mercy
Healing, helping, full and free
Brought me lower while I whispered,
“ Less of self, and more of Thee.”

Higher than the highest heavens,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, Thy love at last has conquered ;
None of self, and all of Thee !

— THEODORE MONOD.

Eternal Light

SLOWLY, by God's hand unfurled,
Down around the weary world
Falls the darkness : O how still
Is the working of His will !

Mighty Spirit, ever nigh,
Work in me as silently,
Veil the day's distracting sights,
Show me heaven's eternal lights.

Living stars to view be brought
In the boundless realm of thought :
High and infinite desires
Flaming like those upper fires.

Holy Truth, Eternal Right,
Let them break upon my sight ;
Let them shine serene and still,
And with light my being fill.

— WILLIAM H. FURNESS.

Thomas à Kempis : De Imitatione
Christi

TURN with me from the city's clamorous
street,
Where throng and push passions, and lusts, and
hate,
And enter through this age-bowered, ivied gate,
For many summers' birds a sure retreat,
The place of perfect peace, and here, most meet
For meditation, where no idle prate
Of the world's ways may come, rest thou and
wait.
'Tis very quiet. Thus doth still Heaven entreat.

With rev'rent feet, his face so worn, so fair,
Walks one who bears the cross, who waits the
crown.
Tumult is past. In those calm eyes I see
The image of the Master, Christ, alone.
And from those patient lips I hear one prayer :
Dear Lord, dear Lord, that I may be like Thee.

— RICHARD ROGERS BOWKER.

XII

*Oh, surely who will guide
The bird at eventide,
 Into her nest,
Will take me when life's day
Shall fade in twilight gray,
 Back to His breast.*

—JULIA ANNA WOLCOTT.

Crossing the Bar

SUNSET and evening star,
And one clear call for me !
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound' and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless
deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark !
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place,
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

— ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

That Light

THAT light

Fringing the far hills, all so fair, so fair,
Is it not dawn? I'm dying, but 'tis dawn.
"Upon the mountains I behold the feet
Of my Belovèd; let us forth to meet"—
Death.

This is death, I see the light no more;
I sleep,
But like a morning bird my soul
Springs singing upward, into the deeps of heaven,
Through world on world to follow Infinite Day.

—DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK.

We lay us Down to Sleep

WE lay us down to sleep,
And leave to God the rest,
Whether to wake and weep
Or wake no more be best.

Why vex our souls with care,
The grave is cool and low;

Have we found life so fair
That we should dread to go ?

We've kissed Love's sweet red lips,
And left them sweet and red ;
The rose the wild bee sips
Blooms on when he is dead.

Some faithful friends we've found,
But they who love us best,
When we are underground
Will laugh on with the rest.

No task have we begun
But other hands can take ;
No work beneath the sun
For which we need to wake.

Then hold us fast, sweet Death,
If so it seemeth best
To Him who gave us breath
That we should go to rest.

We lay us down to sleep
Our weary eyes to close,
Whether to wake and weep
Or wake no more, He knows.

— LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

From "Thyrsis"

YES, Thou art gone! and round me too the night
In ever nearing circle weaves her shade
I see her veil draw soft across the day,
I feel her slowly chilling breath invade
The cheek grown thin, the brown hair sprent
with gray :
I feel her finger light
Laid pausefully upon life's headlong train : —
The foot less prompt to meet the morning dew,
The heart less bounding at emotion new,
And hope, once crush'd, less quick to spring again.

And long the way appears, which seem'd so short
To the less practised eye of sanguine youth ;
And high the mountain-tops in cloudy air,
The mountain-tops where is the throne of Truth,
Tops in life's morning-sun so bright and bare !
Unbreachable the fort
Of the long-batter'd world uplifts its wall ;
And strange and vain the earthly turmoil grows,
And near and real the charm of thy repose,
And night as welcome as a friend would fall.

— MATTHEW ARNOLD.

My Ain Countrie

I'M far frae my hame, an' I'm weary aftenwhiles,
For the langed-for hame-bringin' an' my
Father's welcome smiles,
An' I'll ne'er be fu' content until my een do see
The gowden gates o' heav'n an' my ain countrie.
The earth is fleck'd wi' flowers, mony-tinted, fresh
and gay,
The birdies warble blithely, for my Father made
them sae :
But these sights an' these soun's will as naething
be to me,
When I hear the angels singing in my ain countrie.
I've His gude word o' promise that some gladsome
day, the King
To His ain royal palace His banished hame will
bring ;
Wi' een an' wi' herts rinning ower, we shall see
The King in His beauty in oor ain countrie.
My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows hae been
sair,
But there they'll never vex me nor be remembered
mair,

For His bluid has made me white, an' His han'
shall dry mine e'e,
When He brings me hame at last, to my ain
countrie.

Sae little noo I ken, o' yon blessed, bonnie place,
I only ken it's hame, whaur we shall see His face :
It wad surely be eneuch for ever mair to be
In the glory o' His presence, in oor ain countrie.
Like a bairn to his mither, a wee birdie to its nest,
I wad fain be gangin' noo unto my Saviour's breast,
For He gathers in His bosom witless, worthless
lambs like me,
And carries them Himsel' to His ain countrie.

He is faithfu' that hath promised, an' He'll surely
come again,
He'll keep His tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna
ken ;
But He bids me still to wait an' ready aye to be,
To gang at ony moment to my ain countrie,
Sae I'm watching aye, an' singin' o' my hame, as
I wait
For the soun'ing o' His foot-fa' this side the
gowden gate ;

God gie His grace to ilka ane wha' listens noo to
me,
That we a' may gang in gladness to oor ain
countrie.

— MARY LEE DEMAREST.

If life awake and will never cease
On the future's distant shore,
And the rose of love and the lily of peace
Shall bloom there forevermore —

Let the world go round and round,
And the sun sink into the sea,
For whether I'm on or under the ground
Oh, what will it matter to me ?

— JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

Prospice

NEAR death ? — to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place.

The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe ;
Where he stands, the Arch-fear in a visible form,
Yet the strong man must go :
For the journey is done and the summit attain'd,
And the barriers fall,
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gain'd,
The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so — one fight more,
The best and the last !
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
And bade me creep past.
No ! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers,
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness, and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end,
And the elements rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul ! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest.

— ROBERT BROWNING.

Why will ye call it Death's Dark Night

WHY will ye call it, "Death's dark night"?
Death is the entrance into light:

Behind its cloudy purple gates
The everlasting morning waits.

Then fear not death, its pains, its strife,
Its weakness — these belong to life.
Death is the moment when they cease,
When Christ says, "Come," and all is peace.

— C. M. NOEL.

From "Thanatopsis"

SO live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shalt take
His chamber in the silent halls of death.
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

— WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

By permission of D. Appleton & Co.

The Eternal Goodness

I LONG for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long,
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And He can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove;
I can but give the gift He gave,
And plead His love for love.

And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

— JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

In the Hospital

I LAY me down to sleep,
With little thought or care
Whether my waking find
Me here or there.

A bowing, burdened head
That only asks to rest
Unquestioning, upon
A loving breast.

My good right hand forgets
Its cunning now,
To march the weary march
I know not how.

I am not eager, bold,
Nor strong — all that is past;

I am ready not to do
At last, at last.

My half-day's work is done,
And this is all my part ;
I give a patient God
My patient heart,

And grasp His banner still,
Though all its blue be dim :
These stripes, no less than stars,
Lead after Him.

— MARY WOOLSEY HOWLAND.

The Last Roll-call

THROUGH the crowded ranks of the hospital,
Where the sick and the wounded lay,
Slowly, at nightfall, the surgeon
Made his last slow round for the day.

And he paused a moment in silence
By a bed where a boyish face,
With a death-white look, said plainly,
Here will soon be a vacant place.

Poor boy ! how fast he is going !

He thought as he turned ; when a clear
Unfaltering voice, through the stillness
Ringing out like a bell, called, " Here ! "

" Ah, my boy, what is it you wish for ? "

" Nothing," faintly the answer came ;
But with eyes all alight with glory, —
" I was answering to my name."

In the tranquil face of the soldier

There was never a doubt or fear, —
" They were calling the roll in Heaven,
I was only answering ' Here.' "

The soft, dim rays of the lamp-light

Fell down on the dead boy's face ;
In the morning the ranks were unbroken
For another had taken his place.

Far away in God's beautiful Heaven

They are calling the " roll " each day,
And some one slips into the places,
Of those who are summoned away.

Sleep

O'ER all the hilltops is quiet now !
In all the woodlands hearest thou
Hardly a sound !
The little birds are asleep in the trees ;
Wait ! wait ! and soon like these
Sleepest thou !

—JOHANN WOLFGANG GOETHE.

A Common Thought

SOMEWHERE on this earthly planet
In the dust of flowers to be,
In the dewdrop in the sunshine,
Waits a solemn hour for me.

At this wakeful hour of midnight
I behold it dawn in mist,
And I hear a sound of sobbing
Through the darkness — hist ! oh, hist !

In a dim and musky chamber
I am breathing life away ;
Some one draws a curtain softly,
And I watch the broadening day

As it purples in the zenith,
As it brightens on the lawn,
There's a hush of death about me,
And a whisper, "He is gone!"

— HENRY TIMROD.

The Poet's Simple Faith

YOU say, "Where goest thou?" I cannot tell,
And still go on. If but the way be straight,
It cannot go amiss! Before me lies
Dawn and the Day; the Night behind me; that
Suffices me: I break the bounds: I see,
And nothing more; believe, and nothing less.
My future is not one of my concerns.

— VICTOR MARIE HUGO.

SCARCELY Hope hath shaped for me
What the future life may be;
Other lips may well be bold,
Like the publican of old,
I can only urge the plea,
"Lord, be merciful to me!"

— JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Nearer Home

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er ;
I am nearer home to-day
Than I ever have been before ;

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be ;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea.

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down ;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown !

But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the silent, unknown stream
That leads at last to the light.

Closer and closer my steps
Come to the dread abysm ;
Closer death to my lips
Presses the awful chrysm.

Oh, if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink,
If it be I am nearer home
Even to-day than I think ;

Father, perfect my trust ;
Let my spirit feel in death,
That her feet are firmly set
On the rock of a living faith !

— PHŒBE CARY.

I go to prove my soul,
I see my way as birds their trackless way,
I shall arrive. — What time, what circuit first,
I ask not : but unless God send His hail
Of blinding fireballs, sleet, or stifling snow,
In some time, His good time, I shall arrive ;
He guides me and the bird. In His good time.

— ROBERT BROWNING.

The Pilgrims of the Night

HARK ! hark ! my soul, angelic songs are
swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat
shore ;

How sweet the truth those blessèd strains are
telling
Of that new life where sin shall be no more !

Angels of Jesus,
Angels of light,
Singing to welcome
The pilgrims of the night.

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
“Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come ;”
And through the dark, its echo sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.

Angels of Jesus,
Angels of light,
Singing to welcome
The pilgrims of the night.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o’er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.

Angels of Jesus,
Angels of Light,

Singing to welcome
The pilgrims of the night.

Rest comes at length, though life be long and
dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be
past ;
Faith's journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come
at last.

Angels of Jesus,
Angels of light,
Singing to welcome
The pilgrims of the night.

Angels, sing on ! your faithful watches keeping ;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above ;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

Angels of Jesus,
Angels of light,
Singing to welcome
The pilgrims of the night.

— FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

Dying Hymn

EARTH, with its dark and dreadful ills,
Recedes, and fades away ;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly hills ;
Ye gates of death, give way !

My soul is full of whispered song ;
My blindness is my sight ;
The shadows that I feared so long
Are all alive with light.

The while my pulses faintly beat,
My faith doth so abound,
I feel grow firm beneath my feet
The green immortal ground.

That faith to me a courage gives,
Low, as the grave, to go,
I know that my Redeemer lives ;
That I shall live, I know.

The palace wall I almost see,
Where dwells my Lord and King ;
O grave, where is thy victory !
O death, where is thy sting !

— ALICE CARY.

The Two Mysteries

WE know not what it is, dear, this sleep so
 deep and still;
The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheek so
 pale and chill;
The lids that will not lift again, though we may
 call and call;
The strange, white solitude of peace that settles
 over all.

We know not what it means, dear, this desolate
 heart-pain;
This dread to take our daily way, and walk in it
 again;
We know not to what other sphere the loved who
 leave us go,
Nor why we're left to wonder still, nor why we do
 not know.

But this we know: Our loved and dead, if they
 should come this day —
Should come and ask us, "What is life?" not
 one of us could say.
Life is a mystery as deep as ever death can be;
Yet oh, how sweet it is to us, this life we live and
 see!

Then might they say, — these vanished ones —
and blessèd is the thought ;

“So death is sweet to us, beloved ! though we may
tell ye naught ;

We may not tell it to the quick — this mystery of
death —

Ye may not tell us, if ye would, the mystery of
breath.”

The child who enters life comes not with knowl-
edge or intent,

So those who enter death must go as little chil-
dren sent,

Nothing is known. But I believe that God is
overhead ;

And as life is to the living, so death is to the dead.

— MARY MAPES DODGE.

Copyright, 1897, by Mary Mapes Dodge.

Homeward

THE day dies slowly in the western sky ;
The sunset splendor fades, and wan and cold
The far peaks wait the sunrise ; cheerily

The goatherd calls his wanderers to their fold,
My weary soul, that fain would cease to roam,
Take comfort ; evening bringeth all things home.

Homeward the swift-winged sea-gull takes its flight ;
The ebbing tide breaks softly on the sand ;
The sunlit boats draw shoreward for the night ;
The shadows deepen over sea and land ;
Be still, my soul, thine hour shall also come,
Behold, one evening God shall lead thee home !

Life ! I know not What Thou Art

LIFE ! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part ;
And when, or how, or where we met,
I own to me's a secret yet.

Life ! we've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather ;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear —
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear ;
Then steal away give little warning,
Choose thine own time ;
Say not good night, — but in some brighter clime
Bid me good morning.

— ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD.

Lord, it belongs not to my Care

L ORD, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.

If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey;
If short — yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?

Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
He that unto God's kingdom comes,
Must enter by this door.

Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet
Thy blessèd face to see;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be!

Then I shall end my sad complaints
And weary, sinful days;
And join with the triumphant saints,
To sing Jehovah's praise.

My knowledge of that life is small, —
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

— RICHARD BAXTER.

Coming

SO I am watching quietly
Every day,
Whenever the sun shines brightly,
I rise and say,
“Surely it is the shining of His face!”
And look unto the gates of His high place
Beyond the sea;
For I know He is coming shortly
To summon me.
And when a shadow falls across the window
Of my room,
Where I am working my appointed task,
I lift my head to watch the door and ask
If He is come;
And the angel answers sweetly
In my home,
“Only a few more shadows
And He will come.”

The Coming of His Feet

I N the crimson of the morning, in the whiteness
of the noon,

In the amber glory of the day's retreat,
In the midnight robed in darkness or the gleaming
of the moon, —

I listen for the coming of His feet.

I have heard His weary footsteps by the Galilean
sea,

On the temple's marble pavement, on the street,
Worn with weight of sorrow, faltering up the slopes
of Calvary —

The sorrow of the coming of His feet.

Down the minster-aisles of splendor, from betwixt
the cherubim,

Through the wondering throng with motion
strong and fleet,
Sounds His victor tread resounding o'er redemp-
tion's choral hymn, —

The music of the coming of His feet.

Comes He sandalled not with silver, girdled not
with woven gold,

Weighted not with shimmering gems and odors
sweet ;
But white-winged and shod with glory in the
Tabor-light of old, —
The glory of the coming of His feet.

He is coming, O my spirit ! with His everlasting
peace,
With His blessedness immortal and complete ;
He is coming, O my spirit ! and His coming brings
release : —
I listen for the coming of His feet.

— LYMAN WHITNEY ALLEN.

Abide with Me

ABIDE with me ; fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me abide ;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day,
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away,
Change and decay in all around I see ;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour :
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be ?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless :
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting ? where, grave, thy victory ?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies ;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows
flee ;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

— HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

Kneeling at the Threshold

I AM kneeling at the threshold, so weary, faint,
and sore,
Waiting for the dawning, for the opening of the
door ;
I am waiting till the Master shall bid me rise and
come

To His all-glorious presence, the gladness of His
home.

I'm kneeling at the threshold, so weary, faint
and sore ;

I'm kneeling at the threshold, and my hand is
on the door.

Oh, a weary path I've travell'd, mid darkness,
storm, and night,

Bearing many a burden and struggling for the
right ;

Now the morn of heaven is breaking, my toil will
soon be o'er ;

I'm kneeling at the threshold, and my hand is on
the door.

I'm kneeling at the threshold, so weary, faint
and sore ;

I'm kneeling at the threshold, and my hand is
on the door.

Oh, methinks I hear the voices of loved ones as
they stand,

Singing in the gloaming of the bright and better
land ;

Soon I'll join the blood-washed legion and stand
amid the throng ;

I'll mingle in their worship and I'll join their
happy song.

I'm kneeling at the threshold, so weary, faint
and sore ;

I'm kneeling at the threshold, and my hand is
on the door.

— THOMAS GUTHRIE.

Light at Evening-time

HOLY Father, cheer our way
With Thy love's perpetual ray ;
Grant us every closing day
Light at evening-time.

Holy Saviour, calm our fears
When earth's brightness disappears ;
Grant us in our later years
Light at evening-time.

Holy Spirit, be Thou nigh
When in mortal pains we lie ;
Grant us, as we come to die,
Light at evening-time.

Holy, blessèd Trinity,
Darkness is not dark to Thee ;
Those Thou keepest always see
Light at evening-time.

— R. H. ROBINSON.

BE near when I am dying ;
Oh, show Thy cross to me :
And to my succor flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free.
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move ;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely through Thy love.

— H. W. BAKER.

XIII

*A voice grows with the growing years ;
Earth, hushing down her bitter cry,
Looks upward from her graves, and hears,
“ The Resurrection and the Life am I.”*

— JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Futurity

AND, O beloved voices, upon which
Ours passionately call, because ere long
Ye brake off in the middle of that song
We sang together softly, to enrich
The poor world with the sense of love, and witch
The heart out of things evil, — I am strong,
Knowing ye are not lost for aye among
The hills, with last year's thrush. God keeps a
niche

In Heaven to hold our idols : and albeit
He brake them to our faces, and denied
That our close kisses should impair their white, —
I know we shall behold them, raised complete,
The dust swept from their beauty, — glorified,
New Memnons singing in the great God-light.

— ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

He who died at Azan

HE who died at Azan sends
This to comfort all his friends.

Faithful friends ! It lies, I know
Pale and white and cold as snow ;

And ye say, " Abdallah's dead !"
Weeping at the feet and head ;
I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your sighs and prayers :
Yet I smile, and whisper this, —
" I am not the thing you kiss :
Cease your tears and let it lie ;
It was mine, it is not ' I.' "

Sweet friends ! what the women lave
For its last bed, called the grave,
Is a hut which I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting,
Is a cage, from which at last,
Like a bird, my soul has passed ;
Love the inmate, not the room ;
The wearer, not the garb ; the plume
Of the falcon, not the bars
Which kept him from the splendid stars !

Loving friends ! be wise, and dry
Straightway every weeping eye :
What ye lift upon the bier
Is not worth a wistful tear.
'Tis an empty sea-shell — one
Out of which the pearl has gone :

The shell is broken, it lies there;
The pearl, the all, the soul is here.
'Tis an earthen jar, whose lid
Allah sealed, the while it hid
That treasure of its treasury,
A mind that loved him: let it lie!
Let the shard be earth's once more
Since the gold shines in his store!

Allah glorious! Allah good!
Now thy world is understood;
Now the long, long wonder ends!
Yet ye weep, my erring friends,
While the man whom ye call dead,
In unspoken bliss instead,
Lives and loves you: lost, 'tis true,
By such light as shines for you;
But in light ye cannot see
Of unfilled felicity —
In enlarging Paradise —
Lives a life that never dies.

Farewell, friends! Yet not farewell;
Where I am ye too shall dwell.
I am gone before your face
A moment's time, a little space;

When ye come where I have stepped
Ye will wonder why ye wept :
Ye will know, by wise love taught,
That here is all, and there is naught.
Weep awhile if ye are fain, —
Sunshine still must follow rain, —
Only not at death ; for death
Now I know is that first breath
Which our souls draw when we enter
Life, which is of life the centre.

Be ye certain all seems love
Viewed from Allah's throne above ;
Be ye stout of heart, and come
Bravely onward to your home !
La Allah illa Allah ! yea !
Thou Love divine ! Thou love alway !

He who died at Azan gave
This to those who made his grave.

— EDWIN ARNOLD.

Something Beyond

SOMETHING beyond ! Though now, with
joy unfound,

The life-task falleth from thy weary hand,
Be brave, be patient ! in the fair Beyond
Thou'lt understand.

Something beyond ! Ah, if it were not so,
Darker would be thy face, O brief to-day !
Earthward we'd bow beneath life's smiting woe,
Powerless to pray.

Something beyond ! The immortal morning stands
Above the night, clear shines her prescient brow ;
The pendulous star in her transfigured hands
Lights up the Now.

— MARY CLEMMER.

From "Abt Vogler"

THEREFORE, to whom turn I but to Thee,
the ineffable Name ?
Builder and maker, Thou, of houses not made with
hands !
What, have fear of change from Thee, who art
ever the same ?
Doubt that Thy power can fill the heart that Thy
power expands ?

There shall never be one lost good ! What was,
shall live as before,
The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying
sound,
What was good shall be good, with, for evil, so
much good more ;
On earth the broken arcs ; in the heaven the perfect
round.

All we have willed, or hoped, or dreamed of good,
shall exist ;
Not in semblance, but itself ; no beauty, nor good,
nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for
the melodist,
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.
The high that proved too high, the heroic for
earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in
the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the
bard ;
Enough that He heard it once : we shall hear it
by and by.

— ROBERT BROWNING.

There shall be no Night There

NO night of gloom to drop between our eyes
And smiling summer skies ?

No slow-paced night of gnawing pain, to creep
Between our eyes and sleep ?

No night of woe, to shut all dear delight
Out from our longing sight ?

No night of sin, to grow and never cease
Betwixt our hearts and peace ?

No night of death, to darken drearily
Between our souls and Thee ?

Ah, through these nights guide us, sweet Lord, we
pray,
Up to that nightless Day.

— W. M. L. JAY.

MY own dim life should teach me this,
That life shall live forevermore,
Else earth is darkness to the core,
And dust and ashes all that is.

— ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

Waiting

AS little children in a darkened hall
At Christmas-tide await the opening door,
Eager to tread the fairy-haunted floor
Around the tree with goodly gifts for all,
And in the dark unto each other call, —
Trying to guess their happiness before, —
Or knowing elders eagerly implore
To tell what fortune bright to them will fall, —
Thus wait we in time's dim and narrow room,
And with strange fancies or another's thought
Try to divine, before the curtain rise,
The wondrous scene! Yet soon shall fly the gloom,
And we shall see what patient ages sought, —
The Father's long-planned gift of Paradise.

— CHARLES H. CRANDALL.

Jerusalem the Golden

JERUSALEM, the golden!
With milk and honey blest;
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest.
I know not, oh, I know not,

What joys await us there !
What radiancy of glory !
What bliss beyond compare !

They stand, those halls of Sion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng ;
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene ;
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David,
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast ;
And they who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.

O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect !
O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect !

Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest !
Who art with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

— S. BERNARD OF CLUNY.

My Risen Lord, I feel Thy Strong Protection

MY risen Lord, I feel Thy strong protection ;
I see Thee stand among the graves to-day ;
I am the Way, the Life, the Resurrection,
I hear Thee say,
And all the burdens I have carried sadly
Grow light as blossoms on an April day ;
My cross becomes a staff, I journey gladly
This Easter day.

Index to Titles

I

	PAGE
Alas	2
Break, Break, Break	3
Friends in Paradise	4
Between the Lines	5
Mabel	8
Longing for Home	9
And I, I had come back to an empty nest	12
My Child	12
Mother Love	15
Bereaved	16
So Tired	16
Fallen Asleep	18
Grief fills the room up of my absent child	19
One Writes that Other Friends Remain	20
The Little Watcher	20
Buried To-day	22

II

The dear Christ comfort you	24
Resignation	25
Light	27
Not Changed but Glorified	28
Away	30

	PAGE
The Memory of the Dead	32
Resignation	32
Gone	33
With Trembling Fingers did we Weave	34
From "The Bark of True Love"	35
When we go Home	36
From "The Two Angels"	37
In Paradise	37
The Angels of Grief	39
The Saddest Fate	40
Weep Not	41
O Thou of Little Faith	42
After the Storm	42
Still in Thy Love I Trust	43
Consolation	44
From "Judas Maccabæus"	44
At My Father's Grave	45
Substitution	46
Blessed are they that Mourn	46
From "Brothers and a Sermon"	48
Resigning	50
My Darlings	51
I cannot Doubt that they whom ye Deplore	52
Heart Deaths	53
From "Snow Bound"	53
Come, ye Disconsolate	54
Endurance	54
Comfort	55

III

Love, we are in God's hand	58
The Pilgrims	59
De Profundis	60

	PAGE
Waiting	67
Under the Cross	68
From "A Pompeian Preacher"	70
Grass and Roses	71
On his Blindness	72
From "Ugo Bassis's Sermon in a Hospital"	72
Human Life	73
Regret	74
The battle of our life is won	74
Peace! Be Still	75
Wait upon the Lord	76
Art thou Weary	77

IV

Ah! when the infinite burden of life	80
My Vesper Song	81
A Prayer in Sorrow	83
Here am I	84
Just for To-day	85
For Divine Strength	87
Rock of Ages	88
Far from Home and Country	90
O God that madest Earth and Sky	91
Make Thy Way Mine	92
Humility	93
Strong Son of God, Immortal Love	94
Dost Thou not Care	96
Pray for My Soul	97
My Times are in Thy Hands	98
Hymn of Winter	100
The Light that is Felt	101
The Fool's Prayer	101

	PAGE
The Shadows Lengthen	103
Battle Hymn	104
Körner's Battle Hymn	105
Recessional	106

V

O Star of Strength	110
Three Words of Strength	111
Kissing the Rod	112
The Singer	113
Courage	114
From "The Birds of Killingworth"	115
April	116
Joy after Sorrow	116
Cheerfulness	118
Waiting	118
Growing Old	119
There are in this Loud Stunning Tide	121
These eyes, though clear	121
To the Discouraged	122
Out in the Fields	123
But then the thrushes sang	124
The Inevitable	124
Apart from the woes that are dead and gone	125
February	125
Omnipresence	126
My Lighthouse	126
The Right must Win	127
The Rainy Day.	129
With Whom is no Variableness	130
Shall I Look Back	130
In June	131

	PAGE
Scotch Hymn	132
A Song of Summer	132

VI

Art thou afraid His power shall fail	136
O yet we trust that Somehow Good	137
From "The Present Crisis"	138
Not as I Will	138
Not Knowing	140
I shall be Satisfied	142
From "Brushwood".	143
God Watcheth	144
Trust	144
The Corn and the Lilies	145
There's Nothing Bright, Above, Below	146
To-morrow's News	147
My Father's Child	148
Oh, ask not Thou	149
Providence	150
In Patience	151
Love Keeping Watch	152
Life's Answer	152
Per Pacem ad Lucem	154
Trust	155
The Toys	156
'Tis I, be not Afraid	157
Out of Shadow	159
The Sunrise never failed us Yet	159
Thy Way, not Mine	160
Leave God to order all thy ways	161
Trust	162
He leadeth Me	162

	PAGE
The Doubting Heart	164
God Cares	165
The Flight of the Birds	167
Art tired?	168
Hymn of Trust	168
Lead, Kindly Light	169

VII

God's in His heaven	172
The Kingdom of God	173
The Love of God	174
God is Love	175
That which we Dare Invoke to Bless	176
Toward Emmaus	177
From "Saul"	178
Battle Hymn of the Republic	180
"Be Quiet: Fear Not"	181
Souls of Men why will ye Scatter	182
Looking unto God	183
I do not see	184
Spinning	185
Give to the Winds thy Fears	187
The Message of the New Year	188
I will abide in Thine House	189
From "Judith"	190
The Heavenly Guide	190
The Angelus	191
The Secret of a Happy Day	192
The Higher Pantheism	195
The Will of God	197
The Love of God	198
His Banner over Me	199
The Tapestry Weavers	200

	PAGE
Hold Thou Me	202
Close at Hand	203
Light shall be at Eventide	204
Daily Strength	205
His Care	206
The Lord is my Shepherd	207

VIII

Sweet are the uses of adversity	210
The Potter's Wheel	211
The Christening	213
The Master's Touch	214
Submission	214
The best of earth shall still remain	215
Ab, me! how dark the discipline of pain	215
In the Crucible	216
Say not the Struggle Naught Availeth	217
The Way of the Cross	218
Cleansing Fires	219
Chosen Lessons	220
Sometime	221
From "Bitter-Sweet"	223
From "Compensation"	223
Suffering	224
A good man suffers but to gain	224
Father of All! in Death's Relentless Claim	225
Eucharist of Affliction	225
Well I know thy trouble	226
Mater Dolorosa	226
From "The Ordeal by Fire"	228
'Tis Sorrow builds the Shining Ladder up	229
If thou couldst Know	230
Sorrow	231

	PAGE
Rich in the Lord	232
What Man is there of You ?	233
Source of my Life	234
Sorrow	235
The Path of Sorrow	237
Is it Raining ?	238
Sorrows humanize our Race	238

IX

An easy thing, O Power Divine	242
A Thanksgiving Prayer	243
Hymn for Thanksgiving	244
A Woman's Conclusions	246
Between the Lights	249
A Little Hand	250
From "Das Krist Kindel"	252
Thanksgiving	253

X

Weep if thou wilt	256
Now	257
To-day	258
The Unfailing Cruise	259
Glen Ellis Falls	260
Not Now	261
From "The Prisoners of Naples"	262
Duty and Fame	263
A Sonnet Sequence	264
We cannot Kindle when we Will	265
Perseverance	266
The Elixir	266
Cast thy Bread upon the Waters	267

	PAGE
Work on Earth	268
The Choir Invisible	269
Duty	270
Charity	271

XI

Jesus calls us	274
Our Dim Eyes seek a Beacon	275
Poor, sad Humanity	275
From "Credo"	276
The Watch by Night	277
Sympathy	278
From "The New England Tragedies"	278
Consecration Hymn	279
None of Self and All of Thee	280
Eternal Light	281
Thomas à Kempis: De Imitatione Christi	282

XII

Oh, surely who will guide	284
Crossing the Bar	285
That Light	286
We lay us Down to Sleep	286
From "Thyrsis"	288
My Ain Countrie	289
If life awake and will never cease	291
Prospice	291
Why will ye call it Death's Dark Night	293
From "Thanatopsis"	293
The Eternal Goodness	294
In the Hospital	295
The Last Roll-call	296

	PAGE
Sleep	298
A Common Thought	298
The Poet's Simple Faith	299
Scarcely Hope hath shaped for me	299
Nearer Home	300
I go to prove my soul	301
The Pilgrims of the Night	301
Dying Hymn	304
The Two Mysteries	305
Homeward	306
Life! I know not What Thou Art	307
Lord, it belongs not to my Care	308
Coming	309
The Coming of His Feet	310
Abide with Me	311
Kneeling at the Threshold	312
Light at Evening-time	314
Be near when I am dying	315

XIII

A voice grows with the growing years	318
Futurity	319
He who died at Azan	319
Something Beyond	322
From "Abt Vogler"	323
There shall be no Night There	325
My own dim life should teach me this	325
Waiting	326
Jerusalem the Golden	326
My Risen Lord, I feel Thy Strong Protection	328

